

# Viking Dragons

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Summary: Tino, the only man in his village, besides his cousin, that can use seid, the gift of Norse magic, taught mainly to women. His village has been pillaged by Dragons and Vikings alike, but it's been quiet recently. What happens when he discovers the truth? Will he be strong enough to handle his gift? Or will he run to a different world? SuFin, mpreg, sadistic author, etc. Enjoy

## 1. Chapter 1

I took a deep breath in, reveling in the cool spring air blowing around my soft blonde hair. The night sky was peaceful as Sun set in the West, painting the ocean with the blood of Sun as she raced away from the chasing wolf Skoll.\*

"Tino! What are you doing? Sun is leaving, you must hurry and get inside so that Skoll nor Loki \*finds and gets you!" My mother called cheerfully from the door of our hut, a smile tugging at her lips.

I smiled too, jumping up and running as if a Valkyrie\* was chasing after him to appease his darling mother. As I reached the door she hugged me tightly, ushering me inside as she did so.

"Your cousin is back from his hunt Tino, he brought with him a large boar." she said happily, gazing at my Norwegian cousin Lukas, as he sat and skinned the animal in front of the fire.

"Oh my Odin!\* That is too large! It would twice fill Gerd's\* large belly!" I exclaimed, smiling as Lukas glared up at me. "Are we to share this? What is the occasion cousin?" I asked, kneeling down next to him.

"There is no occasion, and no, we are not sharing. It is nearing winter. In less than a week the ground shall be cold and barren, allowing nothing to grow as usual. We shall be able to last the winter with this boar, or at least half the winter..." Lukas

grumbled, his soft voice serious as he continued to slice up the boar.

"May I ask how you got this? Tis a magnificent beast indeed! Was it a clever snare, or an amazing ambush?" I asked excited to hear a fine tale from my cousin.

He sighed, "Neither, I found it half-dead already with a broken leg and his throat torn out. It was more of a mercy kill than food. I apologize at my lack of entertainment Tino." he paused and sighed again, standing up, his indigo eyes closing when he heard the cry of his half-brother Bjort from his crib. "Excuse me..." he said quietly, going to comfort the small baby boy.

"Mother, isn't it wonderful?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"What is wonderful Tino dear?" she asked, placing dinner on the small wooden table.

"The Vikings have not come in months! We might actually not have to see them for an entire winter this year!" I say, grabbing wooden plates and setting them in their respectable places at the table. Lukas at the head, me beside him on his right, and my mother on his left, with little baby Bjort in my lap so I could feed him. "There also haven't been \*\*any \*\*Dragon attacks since the Vikings either!"

"Mmm..." my mother replied, a worried look on her face as she placed a bowl of soup at each place, along with the rye bread and butter.

"The Vikings were either killed off by the dragons, or the dragons were killed off by the Vikings. Either way, one less problem for us. No more Danes, Swedes, or anything else invading hopefully." Lukas said bitterly, handing me Bjort as he sat down at the head of the table, being the eldest male had it's privileges.

"Now Lukas, you should not say such things. They were terrible, but the Vikings have wives and children too, what would happen to them if the Dragons tried to kill them all, and over half of the men died?" My mother scolded him, frowned, blowing on a spoonful of her yummy soup.

"What would happen to them? I could care less! They killed my family, I have every right-!" Lukas began to yell.

"You have no right to kill others Lukas! You wouldn't care if you saw a little Viking girl being carried off by a dragon?" I exclaimed, ashamed of what he was saying.

"That's different..." he murmured, his eyes glazing over.

"How? She's still a Viking, and part of their people. You just said that you wouldn't care!" I argued back, glaring at him. I took a spoonful of the soup and put it in my mouth, savoring the perfectly cooked onions, goat, and cabbage. I spoon-fed Bjort as well, making sure none of it spilled on his tiny purple tunic.

Lukas didn't say anything else, instead standing up and placing his

bowl in our cleaning tub, grabbing his cloak, seid book, and stomping out the door.

"Oh no..." my mother whispered, frightened.

"What?" I asked, alarmed. The color had drained from her face, and she was trembling.

"I can sense them coming. The dragons are coming Tino! You must go and find your cousin!" she cried, jumping up as she hurled her soup back in the pot and began to cover anything and everything that would give off a meaty smell. The herbs hanging from the ceiling wobbled and a few fell from their nails, landing everywhere.

I ran outside, my senses tingling from the seid the dragons gave off. There was something horribly different about these dragons. For anything to reek of seid, one must be weary, but for a \*\*dragon \*\*to reek of the sorcery was far, far worse.

I raced through the woods, having left the house long ago in search of Lukas. I heard a horse shout, and sped up, coming upon a frightful scene.

Lukas was standing within a circle, his arms upraised to protect himself with as he cast spells at a large red and yellow dragon that flew in circles around him.

I could see that Lukas knew that he had the wrong book. The book he held, had nothing but healing spells, the ones he was using now were dangerous since he could not always remember all the correct words, something could go horribly wrong without much prodding.

Luckily I had brought my own seid book. I only used it when Dragons or Vikings attacked though, since it was full of dark seid.

I cleared a circle hastily around me, making sure that the markings weren't incorrect. I opened the book and began to chant. "Kuoleman surround-kuluttaa ja tuhota. Puhelut on kaikki isÄä varhaisena, ja terÄä ei ole. Pudota." \*\*(A/N: "Death surround consume and destroy. The All Father calls you early, and Hel is beneath you. Fall. FALL!") \*\*I cried, flinging my arms out as the spell took hold of the red dragon.

It screeched as invisible bonds forced him down, constricting his throat and body. From the air another screech, albeit far deeper, resounded throughout the woods, and I froze, approaching the wriggling creature.

"Tino! Are you alright? Thank the Gods you didn't get snatched up! These are no real Dragons." Lukas said gravely, holding my arms as we edged away from the wailing creature on the ground.

"What do you mean? Is it all the seid they have? Were they bewitched?" I asked nervously, backing away.

"In part yes. The Vikings made a deal with the dragons. One of the dragons is a Viking leader, empowered by his new body. One of the Dragon leaders can likewise transform into a humanoid form. They are trying to kill us all." Lukas explained, his head jerking when he heard the beast make a noise. "Hurry, we'll be safe in your mother's

house. Run! For the God Loki himself chases us!" Lukas cried as the dragon heaved itself up.

We both took off running, headed back the way I had come. Other screeches and wails could be heard, along with the screams of the villagers that were being killed.

Wind ruffled my hair, and I ducked down, dragging along Lukas as we raced across the forest floor, pausing at the edge of the green.

It was also the edge of our yard, but it was a large enough distance for a dragon to pick us and carry us off. I screamed as a dragon dove for the house and plucked at the roof, causing some of it to come off, and a loud scream was heard from within.

"Wait..." Lukas said, his eyes glazed over as he stopped me from running to my mother.

"But-!"

"No..."

We waited, watching the sky for more of those monsters. "Screw it." I said, racing out to the house by myself, Lukas calling for me as quietly as he could. I ignored everything and dashed inside my house, seeing my mother crouching down in the fireplace, holding a wailing Bjort in her arms. She was afraid, and she was crying silently, looking out of the chimney into the dark sky.

"Mother!" I cried, launching myself into her arms.

"Tino..." she murmured, handing me Bjort, "You have to leave, take the baby with you." she instructed.

I nodded, "You shall follow behind correct?" I asked, already accepting her shaking head.

"I can fend off the fire with my seid, but I cannot do that with Bjort here, go to your place in the woods and stay there with Lukas, that book should keep you safe. Also take all the food you can, you don't know how long you're going to have to wait to come back to the village."

I nodded and did as she instructed, gathering food into a blanket and slinging it over my shoulder. A whizzing sound caught my attention, and I saw an arrow imbed itself into a tree not too far from the house. "What the...?"

"Oh Gods Vikings too?" she murmured, tugging on her long black hair. "You must stay safe, my little Flower, I shall see you soon." she said, kissing my forehead. "Go!"

I ran from the house, ducking low when I heard something flying overhead. I made it to the edge of the forest before I paused and looked back... just in time to see a dragon breathe fire into the roof, my home going up in flames. I wanted to scream, but surely my mother- was burning! I saw her through a window, her body aflame, and her hand raised in a farewell gesture.

"No!" I really did scream, almost stumbling back to her, my hands

outstretched as if to grasp her.

"Tino!" Lukas yelled, yanking me back to the cover of the forest. I struggled against him, trying to get back to the burning figure.

"It's too late! You can't do anything about it Tino... she knew it was her time." Lukas said soothingly, as if that was supposed to make it better!

"Oh Odin she's gone!" I cried brokenly, still struggling slightly.

"She died right, she saved you by getting you out of the house, the All Father shall reward her for that, she may even reside with Frejya Tino." Lukas paused, then turned, Bjort in his arms, "We must leave now, to the hiding place in the woods, we should be safe there, but I wish we had more food..." Lukas sighed, looking at the small bag he held.

"No problem... Mother told me to grab plenty of food... so this sack is full of it..." I mumbled, holding up the strained sack for Lukas to see. "She really did know..."

"Yes, now we must go Tino." Lukas said urgently, trying to drag me back into the forest.

"No... let me watch..." I whispered, staring at the bright flames.

"It will bring you nothing but sadness Tino." Lukas said coldly, tugging on my arm harder.

"It shall bring me peace, to see for myself that she is dead, instead of my heart wondering if she could have possibly made it. Do not question me on this Lukas, I need to see it burn..." my voice had gone hard and commanding, forcing him to let go of my arm with a shrug.

"Alright, but if you're not back by sunrise, I'm going to come back and drag you back even if it's not totally burned. Got it?" he said angrily, beginning to stomp away, little Bjort still sleeping in his arms.

"Yes..." I replied, looking back at the flames that lept and glowed against the dark sky. I stood, watching my home burning for hours, silent tears running down my face. When I could see the inside of the house, I broke down, sobbing at the edge of the forest, it was just too much.

I heard a shuffling noise, and a groan. The groan turned to a low roar, and I stood, my eyes wide as I looked for the thing that made such a noise. I scanned the inside of the forest and saw nothing; I scanned the countryside beyond my house. Nothing was there except smoldering remains of other houses that had been hit last night.

I saw the sun rising in the distance, and heard another shuffling sound. I turned back to the forest, expecting to see Lukas, but nothing was there. With a jolt I looked up, fear freezing me in place. A scream ripped from my throat as I beheld the massive dragon that crouched in the tree above me.

It jerked back its head, fire in its eyes. The dragon was so massive it couldn't have fit inside of Odin's Hall. The eyes were a peaceful turquoise that lit up with molten fire. Its scales were a solid bright sky blue, with streaks of sun yellow making patterns that could almost be called tattoos curving around its body. The wings were folded back, but looked to be the same color.

I knew that was face was deathly white, and I could feel my head growing light as this beast continued to stare at me. I flicked my eyes into the forest, seeing no Lukas at all. A growl drew my attention back to the dragon that was still staring at me.

I felt my knees giving out as the dragon lurched forward, catching me in its claws, hefting me up into the air.

I was sure I screamed again, but I also didn't see anyone at all in the surrounding area. I was going to faint, I just knew it! But I had to secure my bag, had to make sure that my book of seid was still with me when I awoke. I tried to maneuver myself, twisting my body so that my arms could put the book inside of my shirt, tucking it away from the eyes of the enemy. Hopefully this dragon did not know what I could do, and had not seen my book at all. I placed the bag of food and other things in the crevasse between my body and it's large claw.

My vision grew dark as I saw something white flash up and my body being thrown around, the bag flying out of my grip.

My head and body ached. My chest felt crushed, the book still wedged in my shirt in an awkward position. I felt warm hands trying to take off my shirt, but I let out a shrill shriek, my chest hurt too much to move.

The sounds of people around me was almost enough to make me open my eyes, but I ignored everything, trying to figure out why my chest hurt so much.

After some time I discovered that I was curled in on myself, like I was protecting myself against everything on the outside.

"Wake up please," a voice could be heard, begging me to open my eyes. It was a woman's voice, and she sounded afraid, "Please wake up, he will not wait much longer... oh Gods please sir wake up!" the voice cried, tugging on my arm with alarm.

My eyelids twitched, and I almost believed her, until I heard a rough voice.

"M'gret, th'nk you fer helpin' meh. I c'n see h'll w'ke up now." the voice was low and powerful, talking to the woman that had cried out.

Damn her! She had tricked me into letting on that I was aware of my surroundings! Well, let's see how that works?

"W'fe? W'ke up pl'ase..." the voice said softly, causing me to jump despite my decision.

My eyes snapped open, "Excuse me? I not a woman!" I said, anger flashing in my eyes before I took in the man before me. He was

massive, broad shoulders, strong chin, long muscular legs and arms that looked like they could snap me in two. He had blonde hair that was golden, and deep bright turquoise eyes like that dragon had, and he was looking at me softly, even though I had just yelled at him.

"I kn'w ye w'ld w'ke up w'fe. Are ye a'ight?" the giant man asked me softly, scaring me so bad my eyes began to roll back into my head.

I fell back onto the bed that I had been placed on, my vision hazy again. I pressed my side, where the pain was worst. It felt sticky and warm. I pulled my hand to my face, seeing the blood coating it. My eyes widened, and I yanked my book of seid out from my shirt, praying that it wasn't ruined.

Only the back cover had any blood on it. I relaxed, tuning out the frantic deep voice that was saying something to me.

My vision was still hazy, but I sat up anyway when I felt hands trying to unbutton my shirt.

"No!" I cried, curling up again so they couldn't reach my blood. I knew they were Vikings, that dragon that had captured me had probably brought me back thinking I would make a fine bride for their leader. I would die first before some filthy Viking would take me as his bride!

"Stay away from me you monsters!" I cried, squeezing my eyes shut as I felt rough hands try to force my chest open to them.

"Monster eh? Maybe you were wrong to bring this little thing here Berwald. She sure looks pissed. How'd she get so wounded anyway?" a rather annoying voice asked in the distance, footsteps signaling that they were getting closer.

"St'y out of it Matthias." Berwald grumbled, "S'me m'n from th' w'd was sh'tin' fire at us. He had bl'nde hair and a l'ttl' babe so I didn' fire back."

I stiffened, Lukas had shot at us? He was in the forest looking for me after all! He had seen me being carried off and knew... he had been trying to save me from this fate! Tears stung my eyes as I thought about this.

"What?" the man named Matthias asked. It took me a moment to realize that he was talking to me. "What did you say ya little runt?"

I looked up and glared at him. "Go to Hel." I spit out, anger making me leap at him, punching his face.

The man was so stunned he didn't move at first. "What the-?" the man began to fight back, and I felt the other man, Berwald, trying to pull me off of Matthias. Berwald grabbed my wounded side and I screamed, pain nearly knocking me out.

I had gone limp in Berwald's arms and he was shaking me slightly, worry on his face. I could dimly hear him saying he was sorry for hurting me in the background. But I saw Matthias' enraged face.

"Be careful Berwald, or your little \*\*wife \*\*is going to die..." he

spit out the word 'wife' more like a curse than anything else.

I glanced at Berwald and saw him look up at the man, glaring at him. "Summ'n a heal'r, he sh'll liv'. Ye w'l d' well to 'm'mber I c'n kill ye j'st as eas'ly as ke'p ye aliv'. Ye p'wer comes fr'm meh, an' I c'n yan' th't aw'y." He growled, his accent so strong it was difficult to understand him.

I placed my hand over my wound, grimacing to feel how much more wet it had become in the last few seconds. "Perkele..." I murmured, looking down at the blood on my hands.

"W'fe..." Berwald mumbled, cradling me to his broad chest.

I flushed and swooned at the same time, but for different reasons. "Put me down you-!" I tried to say, but my voice was very faint. I winced at how weak it sounded, my head still swimming.

"Heal'rs, pl'se help 'im. 'is wound r'open'd, an' it won' stop bleedin'." He explained, his voice still barely understandable.

But they nodded and took me out of his arms. As I was being lifted away, I heard a muffled growl almost, as if this man was angry at them handling me; like some primal beast.

Apparently I hadn't imagined it because one of them flinched away, jostling me. I groaned in pain, black dots forming in my vision. A warm hand was placed on my forehead and I heard a whispered word.

"TyhjentÄäÄä kaikki pÄäÄän vaimonsa. Kaikki on hyvin." The words of seid shocked me, yet they did clear my head. \*\*(A/N: "Clear your head wife. All is well.") \*\* this man had the magic of seid in his veins.

"Thank you BefÄälhavare Drake, he should not panic as much now. We can fully treat his wounds." a healer sighed, freezing my blood.  
\*\*(A/N: "Master Dragon") \*\*

He was...?

My head nearly exploded at this point, so instead, it did the next best thing. I blacked out.

"Oh Odin All Father my head!" I exclaimed, sitting up and holding my pounding head. I still remembered everything, I knew that Berwald was the leader of the Dragon's in human skin, and that Matthias was probably the Viking leader that could put on a dragon skin. I also knew that Berwald was the dragon that had captured me, so it was his fault that I was injured in the first place. I also knew... that I was doomed to be his 'wife' until I died, or he killed me, or until I killed myself.

Dark thoughts clouded my mind, I jumped when I felt a rough hand caress my face. I leaned into the touch, nearly purring at how nice the warmth felt against my skin.

Wait what?

I didn't jerk back, but I did pull away from the hand to lie back

down so I didn't faint again from hyperventilating. I noticed that my side was no longer in angry flames of pain, but a dull ache that would most likely stay with me for the rest of my life, successfully removing me from any sexual activities. Perfect.

"Are ye a'right?" Berwald asked softly, his face leaning in close, a look of gentle concern on his face.

My cheeks felt hot at being stared at in such a way. I nodded though, opening my mouth to ask him something. "Is your name Berwald?" I asked rather stupidly, making sure I wasn't mentally calling him something random I had heard in a fevered dream.

"Ja." he replied simply, a soft blush forming on his cheeks. "H'w is yer side?" he asked, leaning back so I could sit up if I wanted to.

I smiled ruefully, "Well I'll die a virgin." I almost chuckled at the comical expression of horror on his face, "And if I ever get to leave, which I probably won't, I'll die of starvation from never being able to do honest labor again. Either way, I don't really have anything to look forward too in life." I finished, glaring at the ceiling, a stray tear leaking out of my eye.

"Th' heal'rs wer'n't abl' to do an'thin'?" he asked, a lost emotion swimming in his eyes. "Ye won' be abl' to be'r childr'n?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Isn't that just the weirdest place to end it? What was Berwald thinking, taking him like that? Ah, okay, so if anyone is seeing this as familiar, it's because I got this idea from watching the movie 'How To Train Your Dragon.' It's a good movie right? I know I love it, anyway, REVIEW!\*\*

\*\*I would be happy to answer any questions asked, but first, you must ASK THEM!\*\*

\*\*REVIEW!\*\*

\*\*OR I WILL COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BREAK YOUR SINK!\*\*

\*\*THE BUTTON IT RIGHT HERE!\*\*

\*\*I\*\*

\*\*V\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N: Alright, I've realized that in my last chapter I had some pretty strong references that you might've not understood. Here's to clarify:\*\*

\*\*Odin: King of the Norse Gods\*\*

\*\*Loki: God of mischief, not quite evil, but not quite good either.  
\*\*

\*\*seid: Norse magic, Freyja would teach only women her sacred art that she ruled over.\*\*

\*\*Skoll: The wolf that chased the daughter Sun, as punishment for her father naming her as something so lovely. You can look up that myth if you want a better explanation.\*\*

\*\*Valkyrie: A Goddess of death, she would ride on her beautiful pegasus and take the souls of dead soldiers with her to either be sent with Odin, or with Freyja.\*\*

\*\*Gerd: A giantess married to a God with a rather large belly.\*\*

\*\*If I've forgotten something that you don't know, please don't hesitate to PM, or review for it!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Wait, what?" I asked, staring at the man in front of me in horror. "I'm a man you fool!" I cried, the mere idea completely ludicrous.</p>

"Yer my w'fe, so o' cours' ye c'n hav' babi's." Berwald smiled, if lessening a glare can be counted as a smile...

"First off, I am not your wife, second off, no I cannot biologically have children. It would only be possible with the most powerful potion anyway." I paused and saw him giving me a look, so I hurried on. "Not to mention I would never take such a thing." I explained, crossing my arms over my chest defiantly.

"I saw ye in th' w'ds, ye l'k'd lost, so I pick'd ye up, an' then s'me man beg'n sh'tin' at us. So I t'k ye home, seein' as how ye was injur'd an all. Ye look'd so beautif'l I acc'den'lly mark'd ye as mine own..." he said sheepishly, holding my now cold and clammy hands.

"Y-you did wh-what?" I stuttered out, beginning to shake. Oh no, oh no, oh NO! This was NOT happening to me. Once a mark has been given, not only will the bearer of the mark be bound to the dragon forever, but emotions will be forcefully shoved aside and new ones inserted so that the person believes that they are in love. Maybe it wouldn't be the same since he had a human skin...? Odin how was I to ever leave? If we were parted for more than a week my body would begin to die!

"Ple'se don' w'rry too much. 'm sure it w'ldn' be to painf'l. Ye were out c'ld an'way, so ye didn' f'l a thin'." Berwald tried to comfort me, but tears were brimming in my eyes. At least those false emotions haven't taken effect yet.

"Odin All Father save me..." I whispered, burying my head in my hands, shaking off Berwald's warm giant ones. "Leave me alone!" I cried, sobbing.

He wrapped me in his strong arms anyway, petting my hair in a manner that made me cry harder. I was stuck here, and I would have to be this thing's bride. What about Lukas?

"Please I want to go home..." I murmured through my tears, burying my head in his warm embrace.

"O' cours' ye c'n go hom', ye aren' a prison'r in ye own hom'." He smiled, "Ye c'n go an'where, s'long as I c'n go w'th ye." I stiffened, my thoughts racing. What would happen if Berwald was murdered? Would I die as well? Would that be a bad thing? No, not really...

"When can we go?" I asked, looking up into his face with hope in my eyes. I could still die, or be denied, but he seemed to at least want me with him.

"W' c'n go wh'n th' he'l'rs say th't it's a g'd ide'." he said softly, looking to the door of the room I was in.

I looked and there stood Matthias, who was most likely the leader of the Vikings, the one I had attacked yesterday... perkele...

"So he's awake now is he?" Matthias sneered, his lip curling as he walked closer. I cringed back into Berwald's chest, not caring how cowardly I looked right then, this was a ruthless leader right in front of me that had killed thousands. "Still think I'm going to Hel?" he asked, referring to our previous conversation.

I blushed, trying to borrow a way to hide completely from this man. I heard Berwald growl a warning at him. "Yer sc'rin' 'im. Back off Matthias. Wh't do ye wan'?"

"Well..." he drawled, looking bored and excited all at once. "I heard as I was walking in that you had promised your little bride something?" it was more of a question than a statement, so Berwald thought about it.

"Ja, I did. 'm goin' to tak' 'im hom' fer a day er so, so 'e don' get lon'ly." he answered begrudgingly, frowning at the Danish Viking.

"Oh? Then you wouldn't mind me coming along now would you? Just in case he tries to pull something." Matthias grinned evilly, leaning on the edge of a small table set next to the bed so he was also leaning over me.

I almost whimpered, but restrained myself, knowing it would only satisfy the bastard even more.

Berwald glared, "No, I don' th'nk th't w'l'd be th' best thin' to do Matthias. Ya see, p'ple tend ta sh't down sc'ry dragons th't br'the fire at th'm. It w'l'd not be wise to do th't at all." Berwald commanded, his voice nearly booming in the small room.

Even though he wasn't saying it to me I cringed at the sound of his voice, mentally wincing at how scary he sounded and looked. Thankfully he didn't seem to notice my cowardice, because he continued to glare at the Viking leader, until Matthias sighed and looked back into the hallway.

"Fine, you can go and get your wife stolen from you since it'll most likely just be the two of you, and then when, or IF you come back, I can say 'I told you so'." Matthias said smugly, his grin barely

hidden from our view of his profile.

Berwald stood, his towering figure looming over Matthias, but not by much. "Is th't a thre't Matthias? B'ck do'n b'for' I dec'de to t'ke b'ck mah gift." He growled, pushing his towards the door.

Matthias snarled, "You know that if you do that then we'll both die! What'll happen to your little wife? Suddenly surrounded by Vikings and Dragons that he hates and fears? Huh? What then oh wise leader?" he retorted. Matthias allowed Berwald to herd him out of the room, but his words had probably done me in.

I sighed, swallowing my sorrow. "If you don't think it would be a good idea to let me see my cousin..." then I guess I'll just have to stay here..." I mumbled, trying to twist to bury my head in my pillow. Instead I hissed in pain as my wound was stretched too far, pain shooting up my side.

"No, i's al'ight, we c'n st'll go. B't ye in no fi' sh'pe to do it in. Are ye al'ight?" he asked, taking my hands in his.

"I'm as fine as can be expected. Paska, where is my book? I had a book with me... Berwald where is it?" I asked, seeing an apprehensive look on his stoic face. "What?"

"Ye me'n, ye pr'ctice seid?" He asked, sitting on the bed with me again, his hands still grasping mine.

"Yes I do, I don't care if women are only supposed to know it, I can do it as my mother and cousin can-" I clamped my mouth shut, knowing I had said too much.

"Ye cousin? So it w's yer \*\*cousin \*\*th't w's sh'tin' at us in th' w'd's?" He asked again, his words almost cold.

"Y-yes..." I squeaked, trying to free my hands from his now painful grip.

"An' yer... ye h've been sh'tin' at my p'ple since we firs' st'ted comin' here! Ye've kill'd hun'red's o' us! An' ye w'nt to go b'ck... to ambush mah... Wh't's yer n'me?" He asked, realising my hands at last. I didn't answer, but looked at him in fear. I saw fire in his eyes, and in rage he reached out, grasping my neck and pull me up to his level, my feet almost a foot from the ground.

I struggled a bit, "Names are powerful things Berwald." I spat, clawing at his hand holding me in the air in an attempt to escape, my head already felt wozy, much longer and I would black out.

"An' ye w'nt'd to kill mah? Yer h'sb'nd?" He shook me, his eyes no longer seeing what he was doing.

I gasped, "I didn't choose you. You took me, by force you monster." I rasped, the air in my lungs was nearly gone, with no promise of any more. Black dots formed in my vision, but Berwald still held me aloft.

"I d'd it to pr'tect ye! S'meb'dy else w'l'd've kill'd ye!" he exclaimed, shaking me harder.

"I would rather have died then, than live like this! I am a man, not a wife!" my voice was completely gone, but I mouthed it anyway, the black dots turning into a blindfold. I felt my body go limp, and he shook it again, yelling something else.

"Oden! LÄgg ner honom! Han skall dÄ¶!" a shrill voice screamed, her voice faint in my ears. \*\*(A/N: "Odin! Put him down! He shall die!")\*\*

"Vad har jag gjort?" a whisper, soft against my flesh, sunken into my brain. \*\*(A/N: "What have I done?")\*\*

Feeling was gone, as was all sight, sound, and all other earthly things.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: CLIFFHANGER! That's what you get you dirty little w\*\*\*\*s that didn't review! I love the three of you that did! Three reviews so fast! Also, to you Inka-chan, I tried to PM you back, but for some reason it was saying your PM was 'down' or something along those lines, anyway, ask in a review or something Kay? Sorry bout that~!\*\*

\*\*Thank you to my wonderful reviewers:\*\*

\*\*Blue: I'm sure quite a few people laughed! I'm glad you enjoyed the first chapter! Keep reading~!\*\*

\*\*Blueladymare: Oh but mon cher, this is a time of magic, who says he can't? \*hint hint\*\*\*

\*\*sathreal: I think it's pretty obvious by the reply above, but yes, if I can work it in properly the way I plan, then yes, there WILL be Mpreg~! Please enjoy this chapter~!\*\*

\*\*Thank you all, and also, I find it an insult when I specifically ask someone to review, and all I get is a favorite, or a subscription. I would gladly trade a review for a hundred subscriptions any day. A review tells me what you (the reader) like, or dislike about the story and/or chapter so far.  
\*\*

\*\*REVIEW!\*\*

\*\*I WILL BREAK YOUR SINK IF YOU DON'T!\*\*

\*\*ALONG WITH: no updates until I get three more reviews~!\*\*

\*\*THE BUTTON IS RIGHT HERE!\*\*

\*\*I\*\*

\*\*V\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

A red haze settled over everything, and the beast within me roared in anger and betrayal. Our beloved had plotted to kill us? She was intentionally leading us to a place where she most likely hoped we would be killed?

"An' yer... ye h've been sh'tin' at my p'ple since we firs' st'ted comin' here! Ye've kill'd hun'red's o' us! An' ye w'nt to go b'ck... to ambush mah... Wh't's yer n'me?" I heard my beast ask, my grip tightening on my wife's soft and lovely hands. I let go, temporarily in control.

'Stay out of it! She has betrayed us, and as such, she must face my wrath!' my beast shouted, shoving me back so that I had to blink a few times before I could get my bearings. I heard all that was being said.

"Names are powerful things Berwald." I heard my bride spit out, he sounded like he was struggling...

My beast seethed, rage clouding my mind. "An' ye w'nt'd to kill mah? Yer h'sb'nd?" I heard myself ask, my voice dark and filled with the Wild Power that only a Dragon could wield.

"I didn't choose you. You took me, by force you monster." My wife gasped out, his voice quiet, as if he was losing air...

"I d'd it to pr'tect ye! S'meb'dy else w'ld've kill'd ye!" My beast howled, despair and anger welling up within me at his words. They shattered my heart, those words.

Monster.

I felt my beast become even more enraged and despairing, but I hadn't heard anything, had my wife done some sort of seid?

"Odin! Put him down! He shall die!" a shrill voice screamed. I was jolted back into control, looking over my shoulder to see a serving maid running at me.

Her words registered and I looked to see what I was holding. My body went numb as I saw my wife's body hanging limply in my grasp, her face red and blue.

"Wh't h've I d'ne?" I whispered, releasing her delicate neck and allowing the serving maid to attend to her. I stepped back, staring in horror at my hands. How could my beast have done this?

I reached inside myself, searching for him, tearing through my body in my search. 'HOW? HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE THIS?' my shouted cry was heard by him I knew.

He whimpered in a dark corner, tears flowing down his scaly face. 'I... I don't know... I was so angry and... she needed to be punished! Betrayal comes at a price to everyone!' he defended himself, cowering against a wall in my body.

'FOOL! You could have killed him! A punishment yes, but NOT A DEATH SENTENCE! Now... now he will never love us...' my thoughts crushed me.

'Wait... listen Berwald! His soul... it cries for us!'

'But how-?'

'Go to him!'

I stood up again, sitting beside my bride. Her breathing was labored, but her beautiful violet eyes opened, more luminous than the Moon himself.

"My... book..." she mouthed, her hand reaching up.

I hesitated, but retrieved it anyway. She would need a circle and other ingredients to perform her seid, it was of no harm, merely a comfort most likely.

I passed it into her shaking hands and she opened the book, scanning the pages quickly, looking for something. "Wh't is it ye n'd w'fe?" at my voice she flinched violently, her wide eyes snapping to meet mine.

Even so she went back to searching frantically, her eyes going back to the book. At last she came to the page she wanted. My bride sighed in happiness, and her lips began to move, her hands setting down the book and moving in strange patterns across her chest.

"W'fe?" I asked, and again she flinched, but kept mouthing a spell. The air began to charge itself with seid, crackling around her form.

"Parantaa." he whispered, the foreign word confusing me. (A/N: Okay, I couldn't frickin' find a direct translation and it was making me angry, so I was going for "Heal," but what I kept getting was different)

A glow grew softly around her body, and her breathing became easier, and far less labored. Thank Odin she was going to be okay.

I looked at the serving maid. Her expression was awed and terrified at the same time. "Wh't is it?" I asked her, frowning.

"Only a master of seid can even attempt that spell without a circle, or only a fool. Yet he is a man, and can both wield seid, as well as powerfully. Your wife is strong Master Dragon." she said, bowing low to the ground.

I nodded, "B't she's a w'm'n, not a m'n." I corrected her, brushing my lips over my wife's forehead, my hands skimming across her dove-soft hair.

The serving maid frowned, "But... he has a-"

"She ye me'n. She is bea'tif'l isn' she? Her s'ft hair, an' br'ght vi'let eyes..." I murmured, standing up straight to leave the room.

The serving maid frowned deeply, but bowed and left the room after I did, leaving for the servants quarters so she could get some more healers to take care of my wife. I sighed, allowing my shoulders to sag as I thought of what I had done to her. She would never love me

now, I had tried to kill her, confirming all of the terrible things she had ever heard as a child about dragons.

"Well... what're you looking so glum about?" a snide voice asked from in front of me, hidden in a doorway.

"Matthias, it h's n'thin' to do w'th ye. St'y out o' it." I commanded, weariness edging into my voice. I walked past him and into my own chambers, an appropriate distance from my wife's own chambers.

"Well the way I see it," he paused and I almost got the door shut before he caught it and walked right in, making himself comfortable on my couch. "Your little bride is going to hate you until the day he dies, or until he kills himself, whichever happens first; unless, you can find a spell that'll erase that memory in that book of his."

Matthias' words froze me to my spot, my head swirling with the possibilities. She wouldn't remember anything, I could make it so it was if she hadn't ever woken up, as if she had only just then opened her eyes since she blacked out in my claws... but... that wasn't right.

How would that make anything better? I would be even more of a monster if the spell ever wore off. She would hate me even more for tricking her. I couldn't do that...

'Then what? What are we to do?' my beast asked, almost angrily, berating itself for doing the horrible thing.

'I don't know... but it must be something fast.' a knock on the door pulled me out of my thoughts. I looked up, a serving maid was wringing her hands in her apron.

"Master Dragon... you have been in here for almost a day now..." she murmured, her voice fearful.

I sat straight up. "A'm'st a day?" I asked, disbelieving that it had been anywhere near that long.

"Ja, your wife... she is about to awaken. We have given her the potion as you requested." she said respectfully, curtseying.

I stood, "Wh't po'ion? I g've no s'ch ord'r!"

The serving maid flinched, "But... sire, the leader of the Danish Vikings said that you wanted to erase her memory..." she said, cowering back as I glared.

My eyes widened, a snarl rising from my throat. "An' d'd ye g've mah w'fe th't po'ion?" I asked dangerously.

"Nej, but Matthias became angry when we did not do as he said. He grabbed a potion and poured it down her throat... that is what worries me..." her voice was almost non-existent as she cowered against the doorway, her hands white as she clutched at the wood.

"Wh't po'ion d'd Matthias g've mah w'fe?" I asked, storming into the

hallway and striding to my wife's chamber door. It was slightly ajar and I could see a mess that two maids were desperately trying to clean up, while another maid was feeling all over my little wife, a worried look on her old face.

"That's just it Master Dragon; we do not know..." the maid said, hot on my heels as I burst into the room. The serving maids stopped what they were doing and stared at me, all at once curtseying, all except the old one that was working on my wife.

I was immediately at her side, holding her hands and looking at the maid, demanding answers.

"MiLord, I can honestly say that the potion that Master Matthias gave your wife was not poisonous, but as for what it actually does, I am not sure. We can only wait to find out." she said respectfully, bowing her head as she stepped back, moving to leave the room.

"No, ye c'nno' le'v' unt'l she aw'kes." I ordered. The maids bowed and sat down, or continued their work. I continued to hold my wife's hand; it was cold and clammy, so I felt her forehead. It was burning at a temperature that is not healthy for humans to have. "G't mah a he'l'r!" I cried, scaring the maids half to death.

They all jumped violently at my sudden outburst, but the one that had fetched me stood up and ran from the room, a desperate look on her young face.

My wife began to shake, not violently, but it was more of a fine trembling all over her slim body. Her breathing became labored, not horribly so, but enough to make me worry about her even more. My own hands shook as I caressed her face, smoothing down the frown that had gathered on her soft skin.

TINO'S P.O.V.

Peace settled over me like a blanket on a cold Finnish night, warm and comfortable. I felt as small as a kitten, wrapped up in my owner's large arms.

A groan made my eyes fly open and I sat up too fast, immediately falling back so I wouldn't throw up.

"W'fe?" a husky voice asked into my ear.

'NO!' my mind cried, reeling back from the terrifying images that his voice brought to the surface of my mind. I felt myself grow faint again but my body was also trying to stay awake to defend myself.

"Shhâ€| don' pan'c, I won' hur' ya. B' st'll w'fe. I don' wan' ya ta hur' yersel'." Berwald's deep voice murmured. It finally smacked me that it was his body pressed against mine.

Words flew from my mouth, seid pouring from my body, power radiating from me, the spell causing Berwald to fly backward, hitting his head into the wooden wall.

A spell was still flying from my lips, things began to float all around my, and a piercing scream sounded from the doorway.

Tears were streaming down my face, the seid was no longer being directed by words, it ebbed out in dangerous amounts, seeping into my skin as if it was coming from all the dragons that were probably around us.

A woman's face entered my vision, but it was contorted, blurred, and hardly recognizable.

"Shh, child of Freyja, it is not your time. Rein in your seid, this is destructive, you know the laws of such things. Calm yourself, he was not in control. It is now your burden to bear, but you are strong youngling, remember that the All-Father and Mother love you. Please Tino calm down, Berwald loves you even if you deny it." Her soft voice cooled my fevered skin, and the ebbing stopped, instead flooding back inside my body, including the stolen magic.

I realized I was sobbing when I tried to reply, "Th-thank you Motherâ€|. Pl-please d-don't leave me a-alone! I'm so sc-scared! Wh-what burden?" I asked shakily, realizing I would only have a few questions answered.

"My darling, the leader of the Vikings has planted within you a potion for fertility, but since he did not pick the correct one, instead of the ability to become impregnated, you are pregnant." Her words made me freeze and cry harder at the cruelty, "Be strong child, but you shall give birth to a monster if you try to deny it, and not want it. Love your child, even if you do not want him. He must feel loved Tino." The woman sighed, letting go of my head, and her warmth disappeared from my side.

I cleared my vision, only to see Berwald groaning and trying to rise from his fall. I gasped, getting up shakily to walk over to him. I reached out my hand, an anxious look on my face.

"Are you alright?" I asked, staring into his wondering blue eyes.

"'M f'n, are you a'righ'? Wh't h'pp'n'd?" he asked, standing up fully and looking me over, concern on his face, even though I had thrown him across the room with accidental seid. "Why d' I f'l this?" he asked, looking around, confusion.

"Like what?"

"Th' onl' seid 'ruon' fer mil's is fr'm you an' me. Wh't h'pp'n'd w'fe?" he asked, looking at me as he helped me back to my bed.

My face paled, "Oh Odinâ€|" I breathed, sitting down heavily on the bed, "Are you sure? There isn't a drop of magic anywhere else? Is everyone just gone then?" I asked hopefully.

"No, I c'n f'l their pr'sc'nce, b't their sc'nt is far weak'r w' thou' their seid. Tino?" Berwald asked, looming over me.

"I thinkâ€| I think I stole it allâ€|" I swallowed, looking back at him nervously.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

I stared, disbelieving at the worried look on my wife's face. "Wh't? Th't w'lbn' be poss'l Tino, don' be s'llly." I tried to assure her, but the terrifying increase of seid around her couldn't just be a coincidence. At least she didn't seem to be afraid of me.

"Iâ€| I think I didâ€| but howâ€|? Why?" she asked, sitting down heavily on her bed, groaning softly at the pressure she must be feeling from all that magical build-up.

"I th'nk it's Matthias' f'lt. He g've ye a pot'n. No on' kn'ws wh't it did to ye though." I explained, trying to make her feel better by trying to relieve pressure. I kissed her softly and she jerked back, making me wince slightly. I could live with it, as long as she would still talk to me that means that she doesn't totally hate me.

"Odin All-fatherâ€|" she whispered, shifting away from me. "I know what potion he used. Freyja told me in a dream." Tino was shaking now, tears running down his face.

"Wh't? I'll do an'th'n to pr'tect ye Tino." I held her close, despite some slight struggles.

"Berwaldâ€|" she whimpered, "It was a pregnancy potionâ€|. But it wasn't for fertilityâ€| that bastard got me pregnant. I don't know if it'll be your child or hisâ€|."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: PLEASE FORGIVE ME! My computer was broken, but now I have a new one, so I can update my stories! I should be getting started on the next two chapters soon, but I won't publish anything but this story until I've published two more chapters. \*\*

\*\*A huge thank you  
to:\*\*

\*\*ChaosSurplus\*\*

\*\*Blueladymare\*\*

\*\*sathreal\*\*

\*\*Olc\*\*

\*\*Golden Lioness-Goldie\*\*

\*\*Worm Of The Books\*\*

\*\*DancingAssassin\*\*

\*\*Azure151\*\*

\*\*No Not the dri- er SINK\*\*

\*\*phoenixphlight\*\*

\*\*Mizuki Fujiwara  
14\*\*

\*\*Inka-Chan\*\*

\*\*Bai-Marionette\*\*

\*\*Ironicsheep\*\*

\*\*Midori-Hoseki-Suichi\*\*

\*\*Guest\*\*

\*\*Y'all are the best people ever! I got such encouraging reviews! As a treat y'all get the next two chapters free! No reviews needed! But I would still really love them! Don't y'all like being thanked for telling me what you've liked so far? I know I do!\*\*

\*\*PLEASE REVIEW MY STORY!\*\*

\*\*REVIEW OR I WILL BREAK YOUR SINK!  
>THE BUTTON IS RIGHT HERE!<strong>

\*\*I

>V<strong>

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

I didn't say anything, but to say the least I was shocked. My wife was pregnant? And there was a possibility that it was Matthias' child? I frowned, and Tino winced, so I softened my expression, forgetting sometimes how scary I could look without meaning to.

"Pr'gn'n'? 'nd th' All-M'th'r t'ld ye th's?" I asked, making sure I heard correctly.

"Niin..." Tino said softly, looking away. \*\*(A/N: "Yes...")\*\*

"Are ye sure? Wh't ab't yer inj'ris? Th'y sure'y aren' heal'd... it m'ght be t' dang'rous..." I murmured, frowning again, thinking about how he had said he would be a virgin forever. "D'es yer s'de st'll h'rt?" I asked, holding her hand.

"Wh-what? My injuries?" she said perplexed, then she took back one of her hands, feeling her side. A grimace crossed her face. "Perkele, that can't be good..." she winced, probing her side. "I-I need Lukas..." she whimpered, pulling the other hand away and covering her face, leaning back on the bed.

"Lukas?" I asked, the name unfamiliar.

"My cousin, the one that shot at you." she admitted, tears leaking from her eyes.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, causing her to jump as I lurched forward, hugging her tightly. She missed her family, and a pregnant woman needs to be kept secure, safe, and calm. "I'll do wh't a c'n w'fe..." I murmured into her dove soft blonde hair.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

I lay back on my bed, alone. Berwald had left about three hours ago, to see if he could figure out what had happened to the seid. I knew that the dragons would get back their seid. It can't be stolen permanently, they would build it up again over time. I still had no clue as to why I had so much, but it would have to wait until later.

Pain shot through my head and I curled in on myself, silent as I heard the voice of my cousin resound in my head.

"\_Tino? Am I through?" \_his voice boomed, powered by seid.

I gasped, "Yes! Lukas thank the Gods!"

"\_Oh Tino you have no idea how sorry I am about accidentally hitting you! Are you alright?" \_his voice was frantic and worried, but with an edge of ice that was perfectly Lukas.

"You have shit aim Lukas! But you also nearly saved my ass. The wound in my side will prevent me from having any sexual activity ever, much to the horror of the Dragon that kidnapped me. It's the leader of the Dragons that nabbed me! And oh Gods so much has happened! How long have I been gone?" I asked, it seemed like years, but it was probably just a few days.

"\_Tino... you've been gone for almost a year. I've been working on this spell to contact you for a whole month. It assures that I have full control, and that nothing can sever the connection unless I want it to. And Odin, the Dragon leader? Why hasn't he killed you yet then?" \_Forever the optimist...

"I... Lukas... I'm pregnant." I let that hang in the air before I continued. "But I can't kill or hate the baby. I have to love it, Lukas Frejya told me to. She came to me in a dream, and she told me to care for and love the child. The Dragon King he... he marked me as his mate Lukas." I finally told him, cringing for what I knew was to come.

"\_P-pregnant? But you just said that..." \_was his only words.

"The leader of the Vikings forced me to consume a potion that would make me pregnant. I don't know who's baby it's going to be either. If it's Matthias' Berwald might kill me! But if it's his, then he'll never let me go! I don't know what to do, but Berwald said that I could visit you!" I explained, pouring out everything I had taken in the entire time I had been here.

"\_Who's Berwald? The leader of the Dragons? Is he an idiot? Don't let him take you to me. Not a good idea Tino. Where I am is not a good place for a pregnant person to be, especially one that is magically pregnant. You could have a miscarriage at the drop of the hat since your body is not made for this." \_Lukas almost seemed frantic. He was serious, and no amount of arguing would allow me to go there.

"Lukas... where are you?" I asked, the answer becoming horribly important at this moment.

"\_I was almost captured, but I got a bad injury to my leg. I can't

walk anymore, but my seid has only increased. I sell spells, and other things. But I live in a village, where they plot the deaths of all the Dragons and Vikings. Their plans are brilliant, and they shall succeed. Will you... do you want me to try to teleport you here?" \_Lukas asked, his mental voice nervous.

"Yes, oh Odin please take me away from here!" I pleaded. Teleporting actually was a rather uncomplicated spell that required a very small amount of energy and seid to accomplish. The only tricky part was the landing, but it was still a perfect idea. "Lukas, how come you haven't tried already?" I asked, I could have been saved in my sleep. What was the problem?

"\_I can't get a lock on your seid energy. There's a huge mass of magic that's blocking everything. Can't you sense it?" \_Lukas' words shocked me.

"Lukas... I am that mass of energy. I accidentally stole everyone's seid. I have no idea how I'm not dead yet from the build up, but I guess it might be from the baby. Lock on that mass and at the center of it you should be able to find my essence. How soon can you do it?"

"\_I'm doing it now, hold on. You should be through in a few seconds..." \_I felt his urgency, and a small tug on my mind and his presence was gone. He must have disconnected to concentrate.

I looked down at my hands and did a double take, they were glowing. The spell would soon take effect. Even if Berwald came in now, he wouldn't be able to do anything, I was free.

The door slammed open a minute later, my body completely transparent and untouchable at this point. It wasn't Berwald though, or even a serving maid, it was Matthias, the ruthless Viking-turned-Dragon. He smirked, "So, you're escaping are you? Thought it was about time, that idiot Berwald is better off without you. I don't know why I shouldn't kill you, but Berwald would know it was me, so I guess a soft poisoning is in order." he stalked towards me, a bottle in his hand.

I laughed, I knew he couldn't do anything to me at this point, so I had nothing to worry about, he would toss the bottle, it would go through me, and I would disappear, his cursing in my ears.

Instead of him throwing the bottle, he uncorked it, and threw the contents. I didn't even feel it. The stupid fool even had the audacity to look triumphant. The room around me disappeared, and I began to materialize in another room, with my cousin Lukas looking at me with a smile on his face.

"You did it!" I said as soon as I was fully there. "Oh thank the Gods I am safe once more!" I cried, lurching forward and hugging them both. Little Bjort, and Lukas in all.

"You're welcome. But I need to hide your energy first before you celebrate. They could steal you back just as easily got it?" he began to mutter, the seid washing over me pleasantly.

"Skjul duft. Blokker smaken. Slett essensen. Skjul fra visningen."  
\*\*\*(A/N: ''Hide the scent. Block the taste. Erase the essence. Hide

from view.'')\*\*

I felt cleansed of all that had happened. As if it had never occurred at all.

"Lukas? Thank you." I whispered, breaking down into sobs. He had saved my life, I never had to go back, Berwald could die and I wouldn't care. He had almost killed me several times. It was his turn to suffer.

He smiled ruefully and hugged me. "I was so worried when I saw that horrid Dragon carrying you off. Let me see your side. Most Viking and Dragon women don't know as much about healing as others do. I just hope it isn't too screwed up and I can salvage something..." he pulled up my tunic, and splayed his fingers across my side.

I hissed, the pain sharp in my mind.

"Sorry..." he muttered, pressing harder.

I cried out, the pain causing black dots to form in my vision.

He pulled back abruptly, shock on his face. "How dare they..." he cursed.

"What? What's the matter?" I asked, confused.

"They messed it up on purpose, the healers screwed with your side to make it so that you couldn't run away, or perform any powerful seid without it tearing you apart! Damnit! De som er tisper vil betale!" he shouted, anger creasing his brow. \*\*(A/N: "Those bitches will pay!")\*\*

"Can you do anything to help it Lukas?" I asked, hopeful. I knew it wasn't his fault.

He shook his head, "I can do next to nothing, but I shall try... Almoderens krever helse. Helbrede datteren. GjÃ, re henne vÃ|re godt. KjÃ, ttet skal strikkes sammen igjen, musklene herde tilbake pÃ¥ plass." he said, the seid washing through my side. \*\*(A/N: "The All-Mother calls for health. Heal the daughter. Make her be well. The flesh shall knit back together, the muscles harden back in place." Loose translation)\*\*

I felt a wriggling beneath my skin, and the pain sharpened, crashing against me. I screamed, it was too much!

Lukas stopped, but I was already on the verge of passing out. I felt like a horrible maiden, fainting all the time!

Bjort cuddled me, hugging my neck. I realized that Lukas was whispering aplogizes, but I couldn't listen. I lay there panting, trying to get my eyes to focus.

"Vakna!" little Bjort cried, zapping me with a little seid. \*\*(A/N: "Wake up!") \*\*

My eyes flew open then relaxed, "Thank you Bjort." I smiled, patting his head as I sat up, fully awake. "Did it do any good?" I asked Lukas, sighing when he hung his head.

"I don't know, it could have helped immensely, or it could have crippled you further. Try to stand up, then I'll see the damage anew." Lukas ordered, helping me to my feet.

I stood shakily, my side protesting somewhat, but not causing me to collapse. I was still holding Bjort, so that meant I could still do something useful. "It's not so bad Lukas, not enough pain to bring me down anyhow." I smiled, handing him Bjort so I could walk about the room. "Should we see how much I can pick up? Or should we wait?"

"We should wait, damn. They're calling for us, the leaders of the mages know I used seid to summon you." Lukas winced, "And they aren't too happy about it."

"I don't understand why not, they have another powerful seid caster, and you weren't doing any harm. They should be happy." I smiled, following Lukas out the door of the room and down a few hallways. We came upon a large wooden door that swung open before we touched the wood.

On the other side sat three elder mages. They really didn't look happy...

"What is the meaning of this? Why is there a strange woman before us? Her power is so strong any logically thinking mother would have drowned her at birth. She would have no control over her powers. And the scent of Dragon on her-!" the far left one shrieked in outrage, standing up.

"Silence! My cousin is no female, but simply a girlish boy. He was not born with this power, but the Goddess Freya has granted him to take the power of the Dragon's. He smells so much of Dragons because he had been captured by them and I just saved him from such a doom." Lukas spoke boldly and coldly, the speech warming my heart.

"Is this true? Were you captured by Dragons?" the middle elder asked, a gentle woman with graying hair, perched on the edge of her seat.

"It is Madame, I was taken by the King himself and almost forced to become his bride. But I-!" I was cut off as Lukas kicked my leg, causing me to falter and look at him.

He shook his head almost imperceptibly.

"But you what child?" asked the one on the far right.

"But I... was almost killed numerous times and I was defiant and he would have killed me anyway." I replied, a half-truth. It was true, but not what I had been about to say.

"He did not mark you?" the one on the far left sneered.

"No, I am a virgin still." I huffed.

"Liar," the far left snarled, "I can see the ball of energy in your abdomen, you are with child, and it is a strong Dragon at that!" he cried, stalking towards me.

I shrunk back, terrified of the man.

Lukas glared at him, "He was forced to drink a pregnancy potion, and if we try to kill the child, then it will come out and kill all of us. Just leave him be." Lukas was cold and commanding, he demanded that they listen to him.

The middle woman nodded, "Very well, so long as he poses no threat, then I shall allow him in our housing. But Lukas you still performed the spell even after we told you it was too dangerous, and to not perform it. There must be consequences for your actions however noble they may have been." she said gently.

I grew cold, "But he didn't do anything wrong!"

"Shut up weakling!" the far left elder shouted, "It is not your business, nor should you even voice your opinion. We can be rid of you without remorse, so shut it. We are gracing you with a home, stay out of the important things!" the man snarled and stalked forward, grabbing my collar in his hands.

"Let go of me." I hissed, shaking but pissed at the same time.

"Make me."

"PÃ¤stÃ¤ irti!" I screamed, forcing him backwards with a wave of seid. He went flying back, hitting the wall with a sickening crunch.  
\*\*(A/N: "LET GO OF ME!")\*\*

The middle woman gasped and the far right man shouted in rage.

"I... I am sorry Tino..." the middle woman gasped, "You cannot... you cannot stay, you must leave before anyone else sees. You would die otherwise..."

"Wh-what?!" the far right man sputtered, standing up.

"Distawrwydd Lord Legolas. Leave them be." \*\*(A/N: "Silence.")\*\*

We ran for two days, leaving behind Sweden and entering Norway, a somewhat safe haven.

Bjort had a fever and putting snow on his head did nothing to help. I became stronger every day though, so I could carry him more often, but it was still tiresome.

Lukas always worried over me, at my miraculous healing, and about the baby. We had no experience in that department, and it would soon be urgent that I find out.

I was six months along when we settled down in a small village called Sarpsborg. It was small, but near the water and big enough to have its own market.

We became known for our potions, and healing spells. A good house was built, sturdy and strong, but humble.

I was content, even if I had to pretend I was a woman in order to not get run out of town. The local women were a wonderful help. The whole town knew I wasn't married to Lukas, they knew that Bjort wasn't my

actual kid, and they knew we were cousins trying to escape the dragons and Vikings.

"Tino?" called Elizabeta, one of the new friends I had met. She had two children of her own, so she knew what she was talking about on how the birthing process went. They were darling twins. Lovino, and Feliciano Eldenstein.

"Ja? I'm in the kitchen Eliza!" I called back, smiling to her as she rounded the corner, her signature saucepan gripped in one hand. She smiled back and sat down on a wooden stool.

"How's the baby?" she asked cheerfully, swinging her legs back and forth as I prepared the family meal for the night.

"He's doing perfectly fine Eliza, thank you for asking." I frowned, she would be there for the birthing, and she would see that I wasn't actually a woman, and then she might become angry.

No one in the village knew that the baby was going to be half dragon either.

"What is it? Did you feel something? Is the baby coming?" she asked anxiously, fluttering about.

"Odin no the baby isn't coming just yet, in three months yes, but not today. I'm just worried is all..." I sighed, leaning against the cabinet.

"What are you worried about?" she asked, curious.

"I have a secret, but I'm afraid if I tell you, you'll hate me for it." I whispered, hanging my head.

"Is it about the father of the baby?" she asked, touching my hand sympathetically.

"Sort of, the father isn't... human..."

"Well I assumed as much, look how big you are at only six months!" she said happily, smiling. "What is he?" she asked, eager to hear this new news.

"He's a..." I swallowed, "You have to promise to not tell anyone, and you can't hate me, I need you Eliza." I said firmly, my voice still shaking somewhat.

"I swear I won't hate you or the baby. Now tell me!" she exclaimed, grasping my hands.

"The father of my baby... is a Dragon." I whispered, closing my eyes when I felt her hands stiffen and clench.

"What?" she whispered.

"Please don't hate me, I didn't want it! He forced me, he forced me to take a potion that would get me pregnant even though I'm not a woman, and I can't hate the baby or it'll kill everyone!" I cried out my worries, sobbing on Elizabeta's soothing shoulder.

"Wait, you're not a woman?" was the next thing she asked, pulling me back to look in my eyes.

I shook my head, "The priest of the village would have thrown me out or tried to kill the baby if he had known..." I was trembling, and tears ran down my face.

"Shh, all this stress isn't good for the baby, let it all out okay Tino?" she said quietly, hugging me close.

Lukas slammed the door shut, causing us to jump. "Get up, now! We have to leave! Dragons are attacking, and one looks like Berwald!" he shouted, grabbing my hands and shoving me through the door.

"Eliza!" I cried, reaching out for her. She caught my hand and held on tight, running along with us.

"What's going on?!" she cried, then silenced herself when she saw the dragons flying around.

"Eliza, you have to let go! What about your own children?" Lukas asked, pausing underneath a tree to start a new teleportation spell.

"They'll be fine, I have a husband with a good job, he is kind and shall take good care of them. Besides, we will come back eventually." she reasoned, "Once they discover that you aren't here, then they'll leave and never come back right? No need for worry yes?"

I nodded, "She has a point Lukas," I murmured, "I don't want to leave..."

"No she does not have a point, they have some of the best noses in the universe, they are tracking your scent, and even if the villagers don't sell us out, the dragons will know we were there! We have to leave the country again..." Lukas sighed, shoving away from Eliza and shouting the spell, a flash of light enveloping us.

"No!" I screamed, whirling away from Lukas, reaching for an Eliza that was no longer there. We were alone in a barren, snowy countryside.

"Where the hell are we?!" I screamed at him, shaking violently.

"We are at the very edges of France, and we are going to get a boat and go across the ocean to escape the dragons. Got it? I don't care if you don't want to. I'm trying to keep us safe damnit!" he shouted right back, shaking himself.

Bjort began to cry, his red baby face streaming with tears. I held him close, shushing away his tears.

"I'm sorry Lukas... I was just hoping to stay with Eliza... they were all so kind to us... I know that our leaving was the best thing for it but still..." I frowned, squeezing my eyes shut to keep in the tears.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

Six months. SIX MONTHS! My wife had been missing, gone, taken by an

evil man. She needed me. My soul could hear her's sobbing for me.

I growled, sending a jet of flame into the air. It had been harder, and harder to contain my dragon, and now I didn't even bother. My senses would help most if I continued my search as a dragon. The human side could wait to love her until she was actually in my arms.

The village we had just destroyed reeked of her. One woman even had a fresh scent, I let one of my dragons take her off, I would question her later.

\_Sir, the woman directly knows of your wife. She has agreed to speak to you. \_My head dragon, Kalle muttered, keeping his head very low to show he was not challenging or ordering me.

I said nothing, but flew down, transforming into a man. I strode to were a snow-white red-eyed dragon waited, growling and twitching near a woman that was shaking in fear.

"You..." she murmured, falling to the ground, shaking badly.

I raised an eyebrow, "Ye kn'w of meh?" I asked, leaning down and patting her head, showing that I wasn't a danger to her.

She nodded uncertainly. "Y-yes... Tino mentioned you once..." she whispered.

"Ye s'w h'r? My w'fe? Wh't h'pp'n'd? Why d'dn' ye try to fr' h'r?" I demanded, angrily grabbing her arm.

WHAP

I stumbled backwards, my head reeling from the sensation. "Wh't th'...?"

The woman was glaring at me, a frying pan grasped in both hands and held above her head. "I swear to the God Almighty if you touch me again I shall knock you senseless!" she cried, huffing.

My albino dragon even moved away a little.

I chuckled, she was humorous, good enough to keep for one of my men to be happy. My glare slid into place but she didn't back down, even as I came forward again. "I apol'g'ze, ferg've meh." I said, inclining my head. She nodded and lowered the pan.

"I knew Tino very well. And I have no idea what you mean 'free'. She was roaming around the village just the other day. If she wanted to leave she would have. Her baby is doing fine too. I assume you're the father as she said." the woman glared at me with a burning hatred. "How dare you do such a thing to her! Forcing that potion!" she cried, shaking with anger, her knuckles white on the handle of the pan.

"Wh't pot'n? Oh th't one! I d'dn' m'ke h'r t'ke it! The lead'r o' the V'kin's d'd!" I tried to reassure her, my eyes widening. No wonder my lovely wife had left, she must have thought that I had ordered the potion on her.

"A likely story!" she screeched, coming after me again.

I changed quickly, scooping her up in my claws.

Two children and a man rushed forward, screaming.

"ELIZABETA!" the man screamed, reaching for her.

"RODERICH!" she cried back, "LOVINO, FELICIANO!" she cried, reaching for them.

\_Get all of them, I don't want to destroy a family as I build one. \_I growled, watching as the others were taken as well.

We flew for a few days, dropping the people back at my nesting grounds, giving them to the women that worked there.

I would find my wife, no matter what it took.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

We were in England, searching for a boat that would take us to sail across the seas. All the towns were puny, not even close to how big the cities in Norway or Finland could get.

I sighed, waiting inside the church with little Bjort with me. Lukas had said this was the safest place, but my baby didn't agree and neither did I. I felt as if all the seid was seeping from my pores.

Standing abruptly had a minister hurrying over. "Do you wish to confess?" he asked eagerly.

"Confess what?" I asked nervously, looking around the near-empty cathedral.

"Why, your sins of course! Everyone has sinned, and everyone must confess! If you don't ever confess, then you will go to hell!" the minister cried, grabbing the top of my shoulders.

"Ahh... I'm not a sinner though..." I tried to say but the man began to laugh. "What?"

"Everyone has sinned! It's not possible to be pure like that! Only God has that purity!"

I frowned, "God? No, Freyja is more pure than Odin. Odin enjoys fighting too much to be very pure I think."

The man cocked his head, "Odin? Freyja? There are no such people."

"Umm sure whatever you say." I mumbled, walking out of the church.

Bjort protested to being moved, but he went back to sleep soon enough. I went looking for the tiny market, seeing if I could buy a fruit to eat for lunch.

I paused by a stand, examining the tomatoes on sale.

"Are you going to buy one or just look miss? I would be happy to help you find a nice ripe one." a happy sounding man from behind the counter offered, smiling. His brown hair was cropped short, and his green eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Yes thank you." I said, "I like the looks of these two, which should I buy?"

"Hmm..." the man frowned, taking each in his hand, he smelled them and his eyes got wide. I frowned, wondering what was wrong. He seemed to shrug it off. He handed me the tomato I had been considering first. "This one has a hole in it, so buy this one instead."

I smiled, "Thank you Mr...?"

"Just call me Antonio. What's your name?" he asked politely, handing me back my change.

"Oh, Tino." I took a bite of the tomato, smiling as the juices refreshed my mouth. "Thank you~." I called, waving goodbye as I left.

\*\*ANTONIO'S P.O.V.\*\*

\_Sire? You will not believe who I have just found.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Thank you for waiting mon cher's~ it took me longer than i thought to write this up, and i thought i was done with it a few times, but i guess i wasn't because i saw how long it was and was all "Are you kidding me? Only three pages of work?" so i decided to at least try for six pages of Word, which turned out to be about four thousand words. so I'm happier about that.\*\*

\*\*Okay, a big ol' huge thank you to:\*\*

\*\*Bai-Marionette\*\*

\*\*Worm of the Books\*\*

\*\*sathreal\*\*

\*\*crazydragongirl\*\*

\*\*Azure151\*\*

\*\*Jordi Aran\*\*

\*\*Thank you all for telling me what you think of my story so far! It really helps me to fix mistakes so you don't get bored with what I'm doing. I do sometimes take directions on how things go in my story, so if you have an idea I would be happy to hear it.\*\*

\*\*Who do you think Antonio is talking to? Why did he have that reaction to smelling the apples? Isn't little Bjort talented? Does anyone know who Legolas is? And no it's not Lord of the Rings, just in case you thought it was.\*\*

\*\*The more reviews I get, the less likely I will be to break your sink. Don't worry Bai-Marionette, I think your sink is safe for now.\*\*

\*\*REVIEW!\*\*

\*\*THE BUTTON IS RIGHT THERE!\*\*

\*\*I  
>V<strong>

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

A week later Lukas finally told us that we were to leave for the ocean in a few days. At this point I was nearly seven months pregnant, and very girlish looking.

I hadn't told Lukas about Antonio because I didn't think it was important, I mean, he had only sold me an apple. No big deal. I hadn't even seen him since, he had disappeared from the market, but I had asked around, and he had been going out of business anyway.

I didn't worry. At least not about that.

I had been having normal morning sickness, but now it was worse, I couldn't hold down anything, and I could tell my baby was suffering.

I rubbed my stomach, unable to tell Lukas this new piece of information. It was rather swollen, and I could feel a light tapping against it every now and then, meaning my baby was stretching comfortably.

A knock was heard on the door, and I waited for Lukas to get it. When the knock sounded again I groaned, remembering Lukas had gone off to get supplies for us to travel in the ship.

I stood shakily, my footsteps drawing me close to the door. The knock sounded again, insistent. "Hold on, I'm coming..." I called, opening the door.

In front of me stood a curious looking man. He was deathly pale, with white hair and red eyes, like that of an albino. The man grinned. "May the awesome me come in for a moment?" he asked, bowing his head.

I frowned, but allowed him inside, "Sure. What is it that you want sir?" I asked, making my voice a little more feminine just in case.

"What is your name Miss?" he asked, lounging on a chair in the small room we had managed to rent for a while.

"Umm, why?" I asked, suspicious, it was healthy to be suspicious now a days. Since we were kinda being chased by the King of dragons.

"Just tell me, I don't want things to get ugly Miss." the man sneered.

I froze, moving back a step, away from the scary man in my room.

He smirked, "What? You would prefer me to drag you off without pleasantries? Suit yourself." before my eyes he began to grow, roaring loudly as to shatter the glass. I ran for my book of seid, throwing up a quick wall to protect me from any fire.

I was clutching Bjort, too tight as he began to cry. I grasped my book, opening it to a page with a useful spell. "Vaadin ettÅ¤ jÃ¤tÅ¤! JÃ¤tÅ¤ eivÃ¤tkÃ¤ koskaan palaa!" I cried, flinging out my seid. \*\*(A/N: "I demand that you leave! Leave and never come back!")\*\*

It struck him, but did nothing to stop the giant albino dragon that now stood in the room, crouching under the low ceiling. It roared in pain, reaching for me with its claws.

I screamed, running from the monster. I ran down the streets, hoping to loose my scent in the overpowering stench of the garbage heaps.

Just as I was about to leap into the heap a spike of pain split me in two, causing me to scream in agony, falling to the ground, curled around my baby, the book, and Bjort. Hot blood oozed down my left leg, and I winced, bringing it in closer so I could heal it.

I was surprised that I had been able to run that far at all, considering my crippled side. A claw wrapped around my middle, and I screamed again, the pressure on my stomach too much. He adjusted so that I was resting on my back, staring at the clouds and sky.

"NO!" I screamed, tears blocking my vision as I tried to squirm out, fighting as hard as I could without dropping anything.

"Sorry kiddo, the awesome me does NOT like screaming." and with that I felt another stab of pain, black dots blocking everything out.

\*\*LUKAS' P.O.V.\*\*

"POKKER!" \*\*(A/N: "Damnit!")\*\* I shouted, finding the ruins of the room Tino had been waiting for me in. Some of the furniture was smoldering still from what was probably a Dragon. I cursed again, I couldn't leave him alone anymore could I?

By the looks of things, Tino was long gone, so the only way to get him back would have to be another teleportation spell. Hopefully they wouldn't be able to find us once we went overseas to a new land.

I growled, finding that Bjort was gone too, at least he had the brains to grab his book of seid so that he wouldn't be completely defenseless.

I began to worry more and more, deciding to look for his magic in the morning. He had to be back before I left on the boat, it might be too much of a strain on his pregnancy for him to teleport over an

ocean.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

I growled in aggravation, the woman we had captured a few weeks ago was being difficult, hitting people with that wretched pan of hers if they got too close to her children. The only reason why I hadn't taken it from her was because she was using it in defense of her children, which was admirable.

Maybe my own wife would be that protective of our own child...?

"Master? Lieutenant Gilbert has returned, and he isn't empty-handed this time." The servants' voice was excited, my head snapped up and I stood.

"Thank you, show me where he is waiting."

The servant bowed, smiling as he led me to a landing area for when Dragons were coming back to the nest.

\_God DAMN! Your wife is seriously pissing me off Sire! \_Gilbert snarled, opening his claws to reveal a very distressed Tino. My wife...

I sprinted forward, nearly crushing her to my chest in a hug. She cried out, struggling against me. "W'fe? I th'ght ye w'ld nev'r c'me b'ck! Th'nk Od'n Gilbert f'nd ye!" she was squirming violently against me, so I finally let her go, well I held her back a little.

She looked thin, and pissed. She must have been angry that I hadn't been able to find her for so long. "'m s'rry w'fe fer n't f'ndin' ye soon'r. 've b'n tryin' meh h'rd'st." I said quietly, bowing my head to show my sincerity.

Her words finally began to register.

"PÃ¤Ã¤stÃ¤ irti, sinÃ¤ hirviÃ¶!" she screamed, trying to claw her way out of my hands. \*\*(A/N: "Let go, you monster!")\*\*

"Wh't...?" I breathed, shocked that she was still angry about that. I had saved her, well not I, but it was my men who had been searching for her, and I had been searching but was forced to return.

"PÃ¤Ã¤stÃ¤ irti!" she continued to scream, trying to force me away with seid. \*\*(A/N: "Let go of me!")\*\*

I gasped, finally noticing everything else besides her face. Her belly was very swollen, and she held a baby in her other arm, along with a book. She was VERY pregnant. A maid rushed forward, speaking in my native tongue.

"Milord, please let her go, the stress is not good for your child. She could have a miscarriage. The baby might survive, but it's still too early for a birth to be a good idea now." she murmured into my ear, holding out her hands to take my screaming wife.

I nodded, seeing the reason. "W'fe? Pl'se calm d'wn. It's n't good fer th' b'be." I whispered into her ear, using a soothing tone.

Thankfully she calmed, glaring at me, but taking the maid's hand to be led off to get cleaned up.

I noticed blood running down a wound on her leg and swung to face Gilbert, the rage clear on my face.

He cowered slightly, but spoke anyway. "She was running and about to jump into a nasty pile of shit. What was I supposed to do? I was too far away to grab her at that point! It wasn't a fail anyhow." he reasoned, glaring at the sky.

I growled, still unhappy.

Gilbert smiled sheepishly, deciding to bow out gracefully before it got bad.

I followed my wife's strong scent, inhaling deeply of the rich floral scent that ebbed from her very soul. I followed it to a chamber where she was lying down and talking with the maid, telling her something about how she hadn't been able to hold anything down recently.

"Nothing at all? Not even fluids?" the maid asked worry clear on her features.

"Well yes some milk but that's it, I even tried to eat raw meat, thinking it might be because the baby is half-dragon, but my stomach rejected that as well. What's wrong with me?" she asked, her eyes filling with tears. "At this rate me and the baby will starve..."

I frowned, "Wh't h've ye b'n eatin' b'fore th's st'ted h'pp'nin'?" I asked, going through a list of things. The day she had left there had been the smell of a weak but potent poison on the sheets, and her symptoms sounded accurate to those of the people who took that poison. It wouldn't kill her, but it would kill the baby. Few methods were known on how to cure this poison.

"Nothing unusual, medicine for the baby, but it was never anything I didn't pick myself, so I know it wasn't that..." Tino murmured, looking away.

"Th' d'y ye l'ft, I sm'll'd a p'son on yer sh'ts, c'l'd it h've b'n th't?" I asked, already going through the options on how to cure it.

Tino thought for a bit, scrunching up her face in the cutest way. "Maybe... Matthias never told me what that poison would do, he only said it was a light poison... I thought it wouldn't effect me because I couldn't even touch my own skin at that point... it might have gotten into my molecules..." she frowned, musing over the matter, while I was stuck on one word.

"Matthias?" I asked, looking deep into Tino's eyes, my own scary glare reflected back at me.

"Y-yes, when the spell to get me away was nearly complete he came in,

and poured it over me, saying a light poisoning was in order or something like that..." her voice got quieter as she went on, fear ringing in her voice.

A loud growl ripped through the room, and my eyes clouded over, the beast inside me gladly taking over. "Jag ska dÃ¶da honom!" we screamed, launching ourselves from the room. \*\*(A/N: "I WILL KILL HIM!")\*\*

I felt my wings spurt out of my back, long talons gouged my palms when I clenched my fists. Fangs hung to my chin, my mouth open in a loud snarl, challenging anyone that passed. Sapphire blue scales decorated my face, and body, some glowing. The loose shirt and trousers tore away, my legs cracking as the bones repositioned themselves, my elbows bending at a more comfortable level.

I would look absolutely terrifying to anything that saw me, even my fellow dragons.

"MATTHIAS!" I screeched, a heavy lisp coming in due to my fangs.

He was lounging next to an out-look, staring at the opening that I was coming out of. "So, you found the little squirt?"

I screamed in fury, launching myself at his throat. He barely dodged, falling off the cliff and fully transforming.

I finished myself, my own eyes sharper than they were in human form. I dove after him, swiping a claw across the delicate membrane of his left wing. He screamed and didn't try to keep flapping his now useless wings.

I tore at his throat, latching onto it as he scrabbled at my underbelly. Once my jaws closed around his throat he fought harder, slicing up my abdomen with his back claws. I sunk in my teeth, closing off the airway, causing blood to flow into his lungs.

He made gurgled screaming sounds, but continued his own assault.

\_YEILD! \_I commanded, growling it out as loud as possible.

\_Never\_. He replied, smirking in his head.

I began to tug on the wound, pulling off scales and flesh alike. If he lived the scales would never grow back and he would have to go around looking like a vulnerable fool that didn't know when to give up.

\_Fine, then all of the Vikings will die. \_I swore silently, giving the order to attack. The Dragons had the upper hand since they only had to transform, and they were ready, whereas the Vikings had to find weapons to fight with.

Screams could now be heard from all across the mountaintop.

Matthias' eyes widened, but he still refused to yield, we were on the beach, my abdomen was no longer being assaulted, but his neck was bleeding profusely.

\_I doubt that at this point you'll survive. \_I stated seriously, he might be a Viking, but no one was this tough, most other Dragons would be dead beneath the bone-crushing might that my jaws could offer, and were now demonstrating on his throat.

He refused to yield, so after a few minutes his life force dimmed, and he was forced to faint, from the trauma done to the wound, as well as the blood loss.

\_I shan't kill you yet Matthias, you're going to pay in front of everyone, and they shall all see you fall. Poisoning my wife was the last straw. \_I growled out, sending it in a message to everyone else.

I dragged him up to the cliff again, throwing his near-lifeless body on the ground.

Scores of dead Vikings surrounded me, and I smirked, transforming back into a human to stride through my halls again. Those pesky human's really were no match for the might of the dragons.

A maid found me, out of breath. "Master..." she panted, holding up a finger to show that she needed breath. "I have been looking everywhere for you! Sire, your wife has been worried sick! And she even- GREAT ALL-FATHER!" she screeched, grabbing my shoulders.

"Wh't?" I asked, startled at her outburst, it most likely wasn't about my wife, but my heart did swell when I had heard she was worried about me.

"Master your stomach! You are bleeding horribly!" she cried, grabbing my abdomen to try and staunch the flow.

I hadn't even noticed, but now that she said something, I felt light-headed. I stumbled forward, continuing on my way to my chambers, the maid running off to get the healers.

When I stumbled through the door Tino screamed, jumping up from her place next to the fire, and grabbing my arms, hauling me over to the bed, laying me out on it.

"Great All-Father! How did this happen?" she cried, grabbing out her book of seid.

"F'ightin' w'h Matthias, b'st'rd l'st." I smiled, the taste of his blood lingering in my mouth.

Tino shuddered, "How horrible, the poison really isn't worth it Berwald!" she scolded me.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

\_ 'How stupid can Dragon's get?' \_I thought furiously, trying to keep myself from looking down at Berwald's naked body. It made sense, but why did he have to be naked after transforming into a Dragon? Sighing, I scanned through my book, looking for a suitable spell.

"Tino? Wh't're ye doin'?" Berwald asked cautiously, eying the book in my hands. He thought I might hurt him.

I glared, "Well nothing apparently, because you obviously don't trust me enough to try to heal you. I would rather you not end up like I did with those shit healers you have." I snarled, snapping the book shut and stomping over to the fireplace and sitting next to it again.

"Sweet'e..." he murmured, "'m s'rry, I d'dn' m'an it l'ke th't..." he murmured, looking at me from his position, unable to get up.

"I doubt you'll let me heal you, your own damned magic might try to shut me out. Damn stubborn pride shit." I glared, knowing in the back of my head that it was just hormones driving me crazy.

"Tino... pl'se heal meh, I w'lqn' wan' an'one else ta do it." he plead, making my features soften at his tone.

"Fine," I huffed, kneeling next to the bed again and opening my book back to the same page I had been on. "Careful, don't move or reject it even if it gets painful. Things must get worse before they get better." I told him, taking a deep breath and reaching for my vast expanse of seid. "Liha on poissa, voi se kasvaa jÃ¤alleen. Takaisin sen tilalle." I chanted, my eyes closed. \*\*(A/N: "The meat is gone, it can grow again. Back in its place.")\*\*

Berwald grunted in pain, shuddering beneath my fingertips. I pressed harder onto his torn abdomen, chanting the spell louder, feeling the flesh knit back together around my hands. I eased up, allowing the skin and muscle to fit back together beneath my hands.

I sighed, sitting down heavily beside the giant of a man. I was worn out. Sure seid was plentiful, but for that spell it took a lot of energy to drag out the seid.

He sighed, sitting up, staring at me. "Ye are so t'l'nt'd. H'w w'l'd ye l'ke ta be th' 'ffici'l heal'r?" he asked, serious.

I scoffed, "I doubt any of those healers would let me near any patients." I replied, still a little out of sorts.

"Yes we would."

I whirled around, my eyes wide as I took in the four healers that stood there. The oldest was a few steps closer than all the rest, her kindly features gentle and warm.

"I would be happy to have you working with us Tino, your skills are almost better than my own." the kindly woman stated, making me glow with happiness.

"But, why? I mean I get the reason why you want me, but why aren't you all as good? Don't you have seid books?" I asked, confused.

"No, what few we did have were burned by the last Viking raid, and theirs were burned before that. We have been forced to use simple spells and the like since." the woman said sadly, she noticed my own book. "But I guess we have one now...?"

I thought about it. I could easily kill all of my patients, they truly trusted me to be offering me such a position. Lukas was actually better at healing, but if they knew that... they would take him too. I gulped, "No," I replied, "I will not help. Dishonoring my mother in such a way would be the worst thing I could do." I said firmly, ignoring the death glares from the women behind her.

She looked said, "Please Tino reconsider, this is your family we're talking about. Why wouldn't you want to help heal them?"

"Family?" I scoffed, "What family? A damned DRAGON murdered my MOTHER!" I shouted, standing up and stalking forward until there was only a foot and a half between us. "My so-called 'family' murdered the most important person in the world to me! I wouldn't call anyone here family, except the member I brought with me." I seethed, reaching over and clutching little Bjort to me, whom had just started wailing for food.

The woman looked stunned, her expression shocked, "B-Bu-"

"Not to mention when I was kidnapped, I was irreparably injured, oh wait, if you hadn't screwed up my wound on purpose, my cousin could have had it healed perfectly!" I was ranting, seid leaking out of my pores.

"W'fe..." Berwald murmured, trying to take my hand.

"SHUT THE HELL UP I'M NOT YOUR WIFE!" I screamed, the seid exploding out of me again, shooting everyone back.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Alright, there's the fifth chapter, it probably answered some questions, and made new ones.\*\*

\*\*Is Lukas going to try to save Tino again? Why does Tino have that much seid? Will Matthias survive? Are all the Viking's dead? Why didn't they just kill each other in the first place? These are some of the things I would like you to think about~\*\*

\*\*A great big thank-you  
to:\*\*

\*\*Chi-Chan11\*\*

\*\*Bai-Marionette\*\*

\*\*shadowofmyself435\*\*

\*\*CrazyCandyCat\*\*

\*\*And\*\*

\*\*GrazyTeaFairy\*\*

\*\*Y'all reviewed and I'm thankful for it~ Domo  
Arigato\*\*

\*\*ENJOY!\*\*

\*\*REVIEW!

>THE BUTTON IS RIGHT HERE!<br>I

>V<strong>

## 6. Chapter 6

I wasn't quite awake, but I was aware of everything that I was doing. Baby Bjort was screaming in my arms, and I made to shush him, trying to soothe his frayed nerves.

He was silenced immediately, his cries cut off. I looked down alarmed, and his wide purple eyes gazed back, amazed.

I would've laughed, but the seid was controlling me, words, dangerous words, began to spill forth, tumbling in high and low octaves, almost like a song; a deadly song.

Berwald began to grunt, his sharp and usually squinted eyes wide with amazement and pain. The healers had screamed and tried to run, but the seid had frozen them, and some now lay possibly dead in a corner.

The fire swirled around me, flames licking and teasing at my hair and clothes. Air gusted, throwing things around the room.

I shrieked, a note so shrill it shouldn't have been possible for me to utter such a horrifying noise. My feet left the ground, and my vision went funny. Everything was glowing, and the Goddess appeared beside me once more.

"My child..." she said soothingly, "Please stop, these people are not all bad. You must learn to trust them, and do not leave like that again. You scared your mate so badly..." her words were sad and beautiful.

"\_Mate?" \_I asked, my voice was higher, and rang out like a bell.

"Yes, he is very afraid for you now. Please at least try to accept his love..." Frejya plead with me, clasping my shoulders.

I laughed bitterly, the sound shattering some glass and making Berwald wince. "\_Accept his love? He has tried to kill me! And he probably was the one that ordered those healers to worsen my wound in a way so I could not use my seid without fear of hurting myself! I can barely carry Bjort, and that is only due to the fact that Lukas is a superb healer." \_I huffed, glaring at the women on the ground. I realized in the back of my mind that they were all screaming, as if I was torturing them...

"You are, your agony and suffering has exploded out of you, and is now slowly driving them all mad, not Berwald, but he is seeing deeply into your soul. My daughter please stop your seid." she asked again, her words causing the fire to stop, the wind to stop blowing.

"\_No..."\_ I muttered, I was driving them to insanity? Killing people? No, no, no, no, no! I couldn't... kill...

Frejya hugged me close, squishing a now crying baby Bjort in between us. "Do not blame yourself, you are the chosen balance. Try to bring peace my child." she spoke, her voice and face beginning to fade. "Remember my love Tino..." her words whispered, the only thing left of her.

I was sitting down on my knees, staring straight into the flames of the now smaller fire. I gulped, glancing at Berwald, tears gathering in my eyes.

"I...I-!" I began to sob, curling in on myself and Bjort.

Large, strong arms encased me, and a chin rested on the crown of my head. I was still sobbing, but Berwald held me closer, bringing me into his lap.

"Shh... pl'se don' cry..." he murmured, stroking my hair softly. It didn't help, his large foreign arms circling me, bringing warmth and awkward comfort. I needed Lukas...

Bjort was squirming and screaming, needing his half-brother. I kissed his forehead, trying to wipe away my own tears. I struggled a bit, trying to get out of Berwald's grip, but he held fast.

"Berwald..." I muttered, hoping he would let go.

"Jag Älskar dig sÅ¥ mycket."

I froze, wondering if I had heard correctly. Did he say that... he... loved me? After all the hell I put him through? That I was still putting him through? "Berwald?" I asked, pulling back to look in his eyes, his icy, yet soft blue eyes.

He was blushing! Slightly, but enough to notice.

"Berwald?" I asked again, getting frustrated that he wouldn't look at me.

"I love ye Tino... an' ye don' seem ta ev'n tol'rate meh..." he sighed sadly, hugging me close.

"Berwald... if I didn't even tolerate you, you would be on the ground by the fireplace right now instead of holding me. I just... I don't know you. Plus you've kidnapped me twice now." I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

He smiled softly, if a twitch of the lip counts... "Th'nk ye..." he mumbled. I cried out, alarmed as he picked me up. I clutched at him, making sure Bjort didn't fall. He carried us to the bed again, laying me out and then lying down next to me, not letting go, but allowing more space.

I blushed, "Umm, Berwald?"

"Ja?"

"What are you doing?" I asked awkwardly, blushing harder when I felt him accidentally grind against me.

"H'ldin' meh w'fe..." he sighed, content with his position.

I shivered, the feel of his rock hard chest against my back was rather provocative, and it was hard to control my body's reaction.

"Are ye c'ld?" he asked, misunderstanding my movement. It was actually kind of cute how innocent he seemed to be.

I smiled softly, unconsciously nodding. I yelped slightly when I felt him pull me on top of him and then curl in, encasing Bjort and I in warmth. It was actually relaxing. I felt my body almost melt into how his position made me feel; protected.

My eyes began to droop. "Berwald?" I asked, a soft yawn widening the word.

I could hear the tender smile in his voice. "Ja?" he replied, nuzzling into my throat.

I arched into the touch, sighing. "How can you love me?"

"Ye alw'ys c'me b'ck." he replied, just as soft.

My eyes widened slightly. "Did you kill Matthias?" I asked, wondering.

"Ja, or at l'st tr'd." he growled softly, warning me away from the subject.

I almost stiffened, my eyes flying open. How did I know what his growls meant? I shouldn't be able to tell jack squat about whatever the Hel his animalistic noises meant!

"We're growin' cl's'r. Wh'n we're off'lly mat'd, th'n we c'n communc'te more eas'ly." Berwald answered my unspoken question, his voice almost completely silent, he must have been very close to sleep.

I tried to squirm out of his grip, successfully, I might add. I stared at him, standing next to the bed. He could even read my thoughts? Did that mean he could find me even if I- wait. I was supposed to be trying. It wasn't his fault it scared me. He probably loved the fact that he could hear me, that we were almos- MATED?!

My thoughts continued to reel around, and I whirled when they were interrupted by the door opening after a soft knock.

"MiLord? Oh! My Lady, I thought you had fallen asleep." it was a maid, with her short blonde hair, a green headband with a bow in the back, and large green eyes that were wide from being startled.

I smiled, she could probably see that it was fake, but she made no comment. "What is it that you need of him?" I asked politely.

She smiled, "Well Matthias has woken up, and he isn't very happy. He's threatening to burn down the nest if the Master doesn't go in to see him soon." she said, a sad smile on her face. "Could you wake him up please?"

"No need, I can take care of it." I stated confidently, at the very

worst I would whip out my book and hex him to death.

The maid frowned, "Are you sure? If the Master could not kill him then should his pregnant wife be going after him?"

I bristled, "I am NOT his wife! I'm a guy perkele!" I cursed, stomping past her. "Show me where he is now." I ordered, closing the door behind me. The maid nodded, fear in the brims of her eyes.

"This way My Lady..." she murmured, walking down the corridor. After a few awkward minutes of walking she said something. "Umm... my name is Belle. What is yours My Lady?" her voice became more confident as she spoke.

I sighed, also smiling. "My name is Tino, Tino Väinämöinen."

Belle smiled, "Lady Tino, it is a pleasure to meet you."

"I'm not a girl!" I groaned, throwing my hands up in the air.

"But you're pregnant." she pointed out, still walking.

We passed a grand tapestry of a brutal hunting scene where the Dragons slaughtered everything they saw.

"That damned Matthias gave me a potion that got me pregnant. I don't even know who's baby it is. His or Berwald's..." I grumbled, glowering at the passing wall.

"Oh how horrible!" she cried, flinging her arms around me.

I sank into the hug, tightly hugging her back, grateful for the human contact. Human? "Wait, can you turn into a Dragon?" I asked carefully, detaching myself from the hug.

"Oui! Although I usually prefer this form, due to the fact that I can go into markets easier and buy food and supplies." she smiled brightly, showing off tiny canines that looked just a little too long to be normal.

I had caught something else though, "'Oui'? You're French?" I asked, my eyebrows high.

"Belgium actually, but very close. Our French is a little different, but not by much." she seemed very proud of this fact, but made no more comment on it. "His door his just down that hallway. Are you sure that you don't want your Lord to keep you safe?" she murmured, concerned.

I smiled at her, "I'll be fine, I might be pregnant, but he wouldn't risk killing his own baby would he?"

"Oh? It's you..." a jet of flame nearly hit me square in the face.

Well I guess that proves my theory wrong. Whipping out my book of

seid, I cast a strong binding spell on him, making sure he couldn't move.

He snarled, snapping at me in vain from his spot in front of the fireplace, eyes glowing red.

"Should I kill you, or let Berwald deal with you?"

"Ha!" he barked out, "Killing me would be a mercy, so by all means, please go ahead!" he insisted, his sneer as wide as his face.

The book in my hand opened, and I grew calm, my eyes resting on the spell that was revealed to me. I had never seen it before, and I had had this thing since I was born and my mother realized I could use seid.

It was perfect.

"Fowl creature of pain and suffering. The monster within is not thyne, but another's to bear. Remove thyne self, and be cleansed young one." short and simple, perfect.

Matthias groaned, his head lolling back. One more bark was heard before he slumped forward again, his binding spell gone.

\_Well done my daughter... but you should be more careful, your baby was not happy without it's cocoon of magic to protect itself.\_ Freyja whispered in my mind, a soft touch carressing my cheek.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Matthias groaned, clutching his stomach.

"I cleansed you. You no longer have the soul of a dragon. You are as human as anyone you can find in a village." I answered calmly, my book firmly shut. "Once I drain your memories, I'm going to release you, and then you won't be a danger to anyone." I explained, touching his head.

Before it was complete, Matthias sent a quick jab to my stomach, almost causing me to gasp in pain and break our trance. "Fuck off Matthias." I whispered, releasing the now-limp male. He clattered to the floor like a doll.

I wheezed slightly, then left the room, sending a maid back to drag him out nowhere near the nest. She would be back in a few seconds since she was a dragon, she could go to some remote village and back in no time at all.

Berwald was waking up when I got back inside, he looked alarmed, and then enraged when I came closer, breathing heavily.

"What?!" I snapped, hormones swirling around. I laid down, panting.

"'y do ya sm'll l'ke th' b'sterd Matthias?" he growled, eyes glowing slightly.

I didn't even flinch, "Fuck off Berwald. Why do you care? I cast him out, powerless and without memory. So shut the fuck up and let me fucking \_SLEEP!\_" I shouted, shoving him away with a touch of seid in

my palms.

He was pushed off the bed, but got up immediately, crouching down, submissive. "Tino? Wh't'd I do?" he asked quietly.

"Just go away!" I cried, the stress and sorrow building. Tears leaked from my eyes, and I knew I was about to have a breakdown. He needed out, bad things happened when I had a breakdown. "Leave Berwald! GET OUT OF THE ROOM NOW!" I shrieked, more power in my voice.

I thought I saw him flinch, but he clung to me instead of leaving, serving to infuriate me more. With as much control as I could, I shoved him out the door with my seid, slamming and locking the door behind him, the magick soon getting out of control.

I arched back, screaming at the pain of the magick wrecking havoc in my body, blasting out in waves of power that any idiot could feel all the way in England. A horrifying thought clung to my mind. What was happening to my baby? The stress on my body was probably agonizing for my poor baby, the innocent being inside of me.

Those thoughts served to calm me down, so at least if someone came in they wouldn't be vaporized if I liked them.

A gentle hand touched my shoulder, and I screamed, until I saw the face.

"Eliza?" I was puzzled, then saddened. They had captured her too.

She was smiling, "Yes, I know. But my children are safe, for now. You have to get out of here though. Berwald means well, but he will tear you apart eventually. I've been listening to the maids. They once talked about how he almost killed you. He also forced this baby on you. I wish I could work my magic, but you can't stay here in such a dangerous place. Lukas has already contacted me, and will be transporting you to the ship tomorrow morning. Okay?" her words were hurried, and she hugged me close, whispering into my ear.

When she came away I was crying. "Thank you Elizabeta Eldenstein. I owe you much."

She merely laughed and stood again. "You owe me nothing Tino." she murmured, leaving the room.

Almost as soon as she left Berwald came running in, grasping my hands together. I cried out, hearing a bone crack.

"Are ye h'rt?! Wh't h'pp'n'd?! Why w're ye scr'am'ng?!" he asked, firing questions at me.

"Let go of me bastard!" I hissed, yanking my hands back.

He slumped, but looked on expectantly. "Pl'se t'll meh..." he almost whimpered.

I sighed, "Recently whenever my emotions overload, my seid explodes out. That was the worst one yet. It's painful to have the magick ripped from inside of you, ebbing back in only to be ripped out again." I snarled softly, seeing his look of concern.

"Th'nk Odin yer ok'y..." Berwald mumbled, holding me close. "Th'b'be?" he asked, almost as an afterthought.

I pulled back sharply, how could he not have thought of the baby until I was pressed against him? "I don't know, fine probably." I snarled louder, hoping he would get the message and leave me alone.

Berwald nodded, "'ll ch'ck on th' wo'nd'd..." he asid quietly before standing and leaving the room.

I sighed, grabbing Bjort to me, rocking him in my arms. He was sleeping, his soft white hair brushed my cheek when I held him close.

I want my mate to hold me close and tell me it's okay, that our baby will be perfect, and that I need to stay with him. I need him to tell me how much he loves me. I need him to TELL ME!

Thoughts swirled in my head as tears leaked down my face. Berwald was so sweet, I had fallen hard. But he never said anything! He would never tell me what I knew he knew I needed to hear! He insisted on believing what I said, instead of what my soul told his!

Why doesn't he see? Eliza was right, he meant well, but he would tear me apart. Hopefully I hadn't missed something, and that he hadn't completely mated me yet. I might then be able to live until the baby was born, but it was doubtful.

I was pulled from my thoughts with a strong kick. I winced, rubbing the spot softly. "I'm sorry if that hurt you baby, I didn't mean to." I cooed, resting Bjort beside me on the bed, closing my eyes.

I would be with Lukas in the morning, on the ship, on the way to the New World. Never to see my mate again... or for my baby to ever see his father...

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Thank y'all for not giving up on me! Marching band finally ended, so now I'll have my fridays and weekends all to myself! Well... more like all to my computer!\*\*

\*\*A HUGE GINORMIC COMPUTER COOKIE TO THESE FABULOUS PEOPLE:\*\*

\*\*watergoddesskasey\*\*

\*\*Bai-Marionette\*\*

\*\*minoriY\*\*

\*\*starrynights1987\*\*

\*\*IchigoNekoKun \*\*

\*\*takuya\*\*

\*\*Arizai The Otaku \*\*

\*\*Guest 1\*\*

\*\*Guest 2\*\*

\*\*and \*\*

\*\*Guest 3!\*\*

\*\*All of those lovely reviews just make me so happy! Also a shout out to those that cared enough to PM me about the story. This chapter is for y'all to enjoy! Thank you so much for staying with it!\*\*

\*\*SO Tino finally admits it! He loves Berwald, but his soul that is partly dragon (due to his baby and to his partial mating with Berwald) is telling him that Berwald is pretty much being a shit mate and doesn't deserve him. Cold I know, but think about it.\*\*

\*\*What's going to happen in the morning? Will Tino get to the boat at all? Will Berwald stop them?\*\*

## 7. Chapter 7

I awoke to Berwald shaking me gently, a softer expression on his usually scary face.

"Yes?"

"C'mon Tino, br'kf'st will be soon." he mumbled, tugging me up.

"Is it light out yet?" I questioned, rubbing my sleep-filled eyes, gently picking up Bjort and kissing him awake.

"Ja." He replied simply, standing and then taking my hand in his, pulling me to my feet.

I almost gagged, doubling over and crushing Bjort to my chest, causing him to cry out.

"Tino?" Berwald asked, alarmed.

"I need to lie down again." I gasped, gingerly getting back on the bed, holding my stomach as it contracted violently. "Go on to breakfast Berwald, I'll be fine." I winced, my face contorted.

He seemed uncertain, "'ll g't ya a med'c." he said, turning.

I sighed, knowing I couldn't talk him out of it. "Kay..." I sighed, curling up tightly.

\*\*\_"Tino? Are you ready to get out of there?" \_\*\*It was Lukas, our mental bond shooting pain through my head.

I responded. \*\*\_"Juu, please hurry." \_\*\*I sent, knowing he would be able to feel the pain I was in.

The baby was coming \_now.\_ With nothing I could do to stop it.

I moaned softly as I felt myself begin to disappear. Lukas was more

frantic this time, and before the medic came in I was just a floating head, my book and Bjort already gone.

"Mistress Tino? Master sent me to-! MY LADY!" The medic screeched, turning to run away.

I screamed at her my last words of seid: "PysÄ¤ytÄ¤ ja nukkua!"  
\*\* (A/N: "Stop and sleep!") \*\*

The girl dropped, and I couldn't see the room anymore, my head fading away.

I pitched forward, and Lukas caught me. I gasped, looking into his eyes. "The baby is coming." I said quietly.

Lukas only nodded, dragging me aboard the ship. "Captain, my sister's baby is coming, can your wife help us please?" he asked, bowing slightly.

The captain sighed, nodding in the direction we were to take.

I thanked him quietly, looking back at his blonde hair.

A squeak came from the woman in the cabin. "Oh my! What's wrong with her?" she asked, worriedly coming over and helping me sit. "I am Lili Zwingli, the captain's wife." she hurriedly said. Then she noticed my belly. "The baby?" she guessed.

As she said it I screamed, my water breaking all over her floor. "I—" I was cut off by another wave of pain.

"Can you help us?" Lukas sounded strained, holding me tightly.

She nodded, gesturing where to lay me. "I wish we had a seid book..." she murmured, her expression turning to surprise when she saw that Lukas already had one out and was reading down the page.

"Can you bring me three blankets, and some healing herbs?" he asked quietly, sitting me up in the correct position.

I was kneeling on the ground, my head almost between my knees.

"I'm going to strip you down okay Tino?" Lukas said, merely to inform as he ripped off my clothing anyway.

I was panting, the pain shooting through my brain and disarming me.

Mistress Lily hurried back in, bringing what Lukas had requested, her eyes wide.

"Have you ever done this before?" I asked, smiling softly.

She shook her head, watching as I arched, screaming.

Lukas' soft voice broke through, chanting the spell without looking, the most common one a user of seid would ever use.

\_ "HÃ©r liggr BorgnÃ½ of borin verkjum,  
><em>vina Ã¾Ã-n, OddrÃ°on, vittu, ef Ã¾Ã° hjalpir."<em>

\_ ÃžÃ|r hykk mÃ|ltu Ã¾vÃ-git fleira,\_  
><em>gekk mild fyr knÃ° meyju at sitja;<em>  
><em>rÃ-kt gÃ³l OddrÃ°on, rammt gÃ³l OddrÃ°on<em>  
><em>bitra galdra at BorgnÃ½ju.<em>

\_ KnÃ¡tti mÃ|r ok mÃ¶gr moldveg sporna,\_  
><em>bÃ¶rn Ã¾au in blÃ°-Ã°u viÃ° bana Hagna;<em>  
><em>Ã¾at nam at mÃ|la mÃ|r fjÃ¶rsjÃ°ka,<em>  
><em>svÃ; at hon ekki kvaÃ° orÃ° it fyrra:<em>

\_ "SvÃ¡; hjalpi Ã¾Ã° hollar vÃ@ttir,\_  
><em>Frigg ok Freyja ok fleiri goÃ°,<em>  
><em>sem Ã¾Ã° feldir mÃ°or fÃ;r af hÃ¶ndum."<em>

\*\*\*(A/N: "Here lies BorgnÃ½ with pains over-borne,\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*thy friend, OddrÃ°on! See if you can help her."\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*...\*\*\*\*They, I know, spoke not more than this: \*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*kindly she went to sit at the maid's knee.\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*Strongly OddrÃ°on sang, powerfully OddrÃ°on sang,\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*bitter \*\*\_\*\*galdr\*\*\_\*\*-songs for BorgnÃ½.\*\*\*\*A boy and maid-child (twins) might then tread the mould-way,\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*blithe babes, born of HÃ¶gni's bane;\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*then began to speak the death-sick maid,\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*who before had no word uttered.\*\*\*\*"May all the kindly beings help you\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*Frigg and Freyja and more of the gods\*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*as you warded away \*\*\*\*

><strong>\*\*that dangerous illness from me. ")\*\*

I began to relax, then tensed again, feeling another contraction.

My already high respect for women with kids went up three notches in one contraction. And they just kept getting worse, closer and closer together until it was a solid wall of pain.

"Okay Tino push!" it was Lukas, breaking his chant for a few seconds so I knew what to do. I did as he said, pushing as hard as I could, screaming all the while.

\_IT HURTS! \_My soul was whimpering, about to reach for comfort from my mate, but I restrained myself; he couldn't know I was in pain, much less no longer in the castle.

"Push!" Lukas cried again, beginning his repeat of the spell.

I screamed, pushing with everything I had.

Mistress Lili cried out, "I can see the head!"

I was relieved, then screamed again, pushing harder.

Lukas didn't miss and beat in his chant as he caught the baby, and began to sing softly to it, a meaningless song. "It's a boy..." he said softly.

My eyes welled up, and I sat down. "A boy? How beautiful...!" I began to cry, my soul yearning for my mate to know this news as well. I shielded it from him though. It was easy since we were so far apart and the ship had set sail and was now headed to the New World.

"What will be his name?" Mistress Lili asked, grabbing pillows and stuffing them behind me so it wasn't so bad for me.

I thanked her, "Peter." I gulped, reaching for him. "Give him to me." I said, afraid that Peter thought Lukas was his mother. Lukas nodded, and then I was staring down into beautiful blue eyes, wide and afraid. I kissed him, not in any kind of romantic way, but instinctively, so that he could recognize me as his mother. When I pulled away he smiled, laughing happily.

I noticed something odd, his pupils where thin, and parts of his skin were smooth like scales. He was truly Berwald's child. At this knowledge I began to weep, tears flowing down my cheeks as I gazed at my baby boy. I noticed Lukas and Lili staring at me, Lili kind of confused, and Lukas frowning.

"Who's baby is it?" Lukas' gaze seemed to say.

I shook my head, not wanting to say in front of the girl. "Thank you so much for your help Mistress Lili." I bowed my head, nuzzling Peter's forehead. He laughed again, his tiny hands reaching for me.

"You're more than welcome Tino. May I... may I see him?" she asked, her quiet voice uncertain.

I nodded, semi holding him out so she could see his face. She came close, a single hand reaching out to touch his cheek. As their skin brushed she cried out softly, her eyes dilating. Peter began to scream and wail as babes usually did.

"The... the baby... what?" Lili was confused, and she kept shaking her head. I was worried, had the baby hurt her? Had he shown her something?

"Lukas," I said, beckoning him over. He came, and touched the baby in the same way, with similar results. He shook his head, his eyes wide in awe. "What was it?" I whispered.

"A vision... it was..." he shuddered. I paled, was my baby evil after all? "The beauty... it was... oh wow." Lukas seemed moved, which was remarkable since he hardly showed emotion.

I touched him too, and a flash burned itself into my mind.

Fire, engulfing the sky, it was the sun, yet it wasn't. The thousands of colors blossomed before my eyes. Royal purple, sea green, ocean blue, bright crimson, dull brown, and dandelion yellow. The image changed to that of fiery indigo, and calming blue, swirling forever

together intertwined. I gasped, tears spilling over. I knew what those colors meant.

"Peter..." I murmured, nuzzling him again, trying to quiet his cries.

He wailed louder, his tiny fists beating against the air.

Lili seemed to have recovered, "He's probably hungry." she said.

I looked quickly at Lukas, wondering what to do in this situation. He grinned, murmuring a quick spell, I moaned softly, feeling my chest get weird. I looked down my shirt and saw boobs... as in small boobs, but boobs, girl boobs. I glared at him, but pulled away, shielding Mistress Lili from seeing.

My tunic had been greatly stretched from the baby, so it was easy to pull it down far enough that my baby could suckle properly. Peter hit my chest with his hands, then seemed to realize what they were, and latched on. I almost staggered at the force of his hungry gulps.

I brushed my fingers over his small head. "Shh... not so fast sweetie..." I murmured, nuzzling him softly.

I saw Lukas grin, then turn to Mistress Lili. "I implore you Miss... please do not make us take my cousins new baby down there... is there no cleaner place for us that you have to offer?" he begged.

Mistress Lili frowned, "I am sorry but-"

"Peter will die down there!" Lukas insisted, looking at me frantically.

"I-"

"Please Mistress Lili..." I murmured, bowing my head.

"What is all this- blood! Mistress Lili are you hurt?" Master Zwingli had come in, angry at first, but now he rushed to his wife, cradling her in his arms.

"I am fine Master Vash..." she crooned to him, "but she just had her baby, and cannot stay belowdecks with the others, the baby will catch ill and die..." Lili had tears in her eyes, looking from Master Zwingli to us.

"Please Sir..." I plead, pulling Peter away, covering up.

He glared, "This child is not premature?"

"N-no..." I replied, afraid. Lukas looked like he was about to get angry, the fire kindling in his eyes.

"Then you should have paid more for a nicer room, since obviously the baby would have been born aboard this ship anyway. It is your own fault if the babe catches ill and dies." he sneered, turning away from us and leaving.

Mistress Lili looked horrified, "I... Vash wait! You can't-"

"I can and I have, it is done. Now you two, back to your cabin belowdecks." came his swift rejection.

I looked again at Lukas, my eyes wide with fear. "Master Vash wait!" I cried, following him. "Please we haven't anymore money to spend and-"

"That is your own fault for not saving as one should." he cut through, beginning to look annoyed.

I bowed my head, "Please..." Peter looked uncertain, his big blue eyes looking back and forth between the two of us.

Master Vash glared, "What would you rather have? The room you have now below, or the room you have at the bottom of the ocean?" he snarled, marching away to his place at the wheel.

I turned to Lukas whom was behind me, my vision blurred with tears. "Lukas...?"

Mistress Lili marched past us, anger burning in her eyes. She marched up to her husband and slapped him. Her angry cries rang out to the deck. "How could you be so cruel?! You would condemn an innocent babe to death?! What is wrong with you?!" she screamed at him, running back down and past us, tugging my arm to follow her down belowdecks.

I did follow, stumbling at first to keep pace. "Mistress? Where are we going?" I asked, almost tripping on the stairs. "Ah!"

"Sorry," she muttered, ignoring my question and hurrying on. She stopped before a door, panting slightly. "You and your cousin and child will sleep here instead of the common place. Okay?"

I nodded numbly, "Shouldn't Lukas-?"

"I am here. Thank you Mistress Lili, you are too kind for us..." Lukas bowed slightly, ushering me inside.

"Thank you!" I cried over my shoulder as Lukas shut the door. "Hey Lukas why can't I talk to her-?" I stumbled, grabbing onto his sleeve. "Whoa..."

"That is why." He said blandly, grabbing me. "You are worn out and likely to collapse. I don't want her to see you like that. Plus, I want to examine the baby, hand me Peter." he reached out, plucking him out of my arms before I could say anything.

I snarled just as Peter began to scream, lunging for him, snatching him back into my arms. "Don't you touch my baby!" I growled, crouching around Peter protectively.

Lukas stepped back calmly, hands raised in surrender. "I mean no harm Tino. May I see your baby?"

Nothing about him made me personally want to disagree, but my mothering instincts were growling, trying to get me to rip off his head for touching Peter, trying to steal him from me.

I grit my teeth. "You may NOT take him from my arms. You will have

to examine Peter with me holding him."

He nodded, "As you wish Tino, will you undress him and lay him on the table?" he gestured to a small wooden nightstand beside the bed, devoid of anything except a thin layer of dust.

I nodded, wiping down the surface and laying down my precious baby. He stretched out, waving his pale fists in the air. I cooed, grasping one and kissing it, as I had seen many mothers do. Lukas came up beside me and gently touched Peter's face, running his hands over the pale white and blue scales that decorated his plump features.

"Interesting..." he murmured. Peter grabbed at his probing fingers, locking him in place with his little baby strength. Lukas' expression softened and he smiled, tickling his chin.

I let out a breath I didn't know I had been holding, relaxing. "He is perfect Lukas..." I sighed happily.

"Yes, but I don't know what will happen with these scales. They seem harmless enough, but what if the blue darkens? People might even be able to notice this. I fear for us all Tino." I nodded, acknowledging his fears.

"I think... we'll all be alright Lukas."

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

Something was amiss. I had been waiting at the breakfast table for almost a half hour now. Why hadn't the medic come back with her report? Was something horribly wrong with Tino? I sighed again, worry creasing my brow.

A serving maid flinched away, placing out another glass of milk for me. I nodded to her, and she scurried away.

"Th't's it!" I suddenly exclaimed, standing up. "'m g'nna go ta f'nd Tino." I growled, striding from the room. Everyone that had been in the room let out an exhale, one woman fanning herself from the fear. "S'rry..." I mumbled as the doors closed behind me.

Something really wasn't right. I hurried to our room, my walk brisk as my boots sounded on the cleanly swept wood. I knocked on her door. Upon hearing no response I opened it.

Tino wasn't in bed, the bedsheets were rumpled as if she had just gotten up. Maybe the bathroom. I reasoned, but that hope was quickly dashed.

The medic was lying on the ground, her face creased in worry. I knelt down and shook her, but she didn't wake. I sniffed, no one else had been in the room except us three. Tino's baby Bjort was gone, as well as his book of magic. But a magical scent lingered, I sniffed more. The woman had been put to sleep by seid forcefully and couldn't awake until someone undid the spell.

I murmured over her, and her eyes slid open. "Where's Tino?" I asked calmly, my instincts already knowing where my bride was.

The medic began to cry. "When I came in, all she was, was a floating head!"

"H'r capt're's m'st've st'pp'd ya fr'm r'nning.." I mused, helping the woman up.

She was crying harder. "N-no My Lord... Mistress herself cast the spell to make me sleep before she disappeared... she wanted to get away..."

"Hur?" I demanded, "Hur vÃ¶gar du?!" I backed away from her. "Why? Why w'ld she ch'se ta l'ave l'ke th't?"

"I do not know My Lord!" she cried, kneeling.

"She... ne'er w'nt'd ta be here... d'd she?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Go ahead and kill me! My God why did it take this long? Seriously, throw those stones and crap, I know you want to.\*\*

\*\*Well here it is! The highly anticipated chapter Seven! Big shocker that Tino got away again isn't it? Juu, I know I know, I need to cut the crap adn just have them admit how much they love each other. Now in the last chapter I kinda did, sort of with Tino's inner monologue, but he thinks that Berwald would accidentally destroy him. Is he right?\*\*

\*\*Dang I made Lili kinda a badas in this chapter. Standing up to Vash? Also, don't hate him, he's worried about money, like the poor Swiss usually does.\*\*

\*\*THANK YOU SO MUCH TO ALL OF THESE EPIC REVIEWERS!\*\*

\*\*IcePaw Chan\*\*

\*\*IchigoNekoKun\*\*

\*\*Arizai The  
Otaku\*\*

\*\*Shadow\*\*

\*\*takuya\*\*

\*\*starrynights1987\*\*

\*\*Leo\*\*

\*\*They Call Me Alejandro\*\*

\*\*And the most recent:\*\*

\*\*Tino Oxenstierna\*\*

\*\*THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH! Every single time I got a review for this story I started writing on it again! I couldn't let y'all down! Never! Thank you so much for being so nice and reviewing for

me!\*\*

\*\*Okay, now on a side note, I'm going to be putting up a poll, so go check it out and VOTE!\*\*

\*\*CLICK IN THAT REVIEW BOX AND WRITE AN AWESOME REVIEW OR  
>I WILL COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BREAK YOUR SINK!<strong>

\*\*I

>V<strong>

## 8. Chapter 8

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

"Peter! Get back here!" I yelled, running out into the cold. He had run off right before supper \_again!\_

"Lukas?" I sighed, turning to him, "Will you fetch him please?"

Lukas stared at me, then sighed, rising from his spot in a chair at the table, putting down a small book. "Fine, but he won't be happy you didn't chase him this time."

I sighed too, "I know, but I need to care for the soup... thank you Lukas..." I smiled as I watched him leave our small home.

It had been nearly six years since I left my homeland on that boat. I hadn't felt Berwald, nor seen anything mystical but the fae that loved to play with Peter. He would be six years old... never knowing he had a father.

It had hurt to tell him that... no, Lukas was nothing more than an Uncle. But I was always his mother. Even after he had stopped needing me for breast-feeding, the female parts didn't leave. I assumed they were permanent. Lukas could remove them, but I decided against it since it would help the superstitious village to believe I was a woman... not that any of them would ever see me naked.

"Peter..." I sighed. What was I going to do? He could only play with Bjort, but when they fought he had no one because he couldn't control his power, even though I knew he tried hard.

He could climb easily, and most of his teeth were rather sharp. I remembered that horrible day when we discovered he also had wings that would sprout whenever he wanted. The scales on his face that he was born with molded to his face, but the blue ones were the same light blue as his eyes. What was I to do?

"Mummy!" Peter cried happily, running into the house, stopping an inch from the fireplace.

"Odin! Peter come here!" I scolded, "You know not to get too close to the fire! Your skin could burn."

"But not my scales~" he teased, spinning away to sit properly at the table.

"Yes, but you have more skin than scale correct?" I asked slyly, knowing I would get him with this one.

"One day I won't!" he chirped, still happy.

I nearly dropped the pot I was carrying. "What...?" I breathed.

Lukas came in then, panting and glaring at Peter, whom was hopping up to help me innocently. "Why you little..." he growled, stalking forward.

Peter squealed in pretend fear, running.

"Careful!" I exclaimed, holding the bowls away from them. "Now Lukas you know—" a harsh wind blew, slamming the door shut. I jumped, quickly putting the bowls down, going to the window. No one was outside. I shivered in fear. Something would happen.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

My mate... my life... my \_baby\_... how horrifying was it, to lose those you most cared about, and know that they never lov- no, not even \_liked, tolerated, \_\_\*\*nothing\*\*\_! Tino had every reason to take his son and flee. What good had I ever done for him?

It was my fault he got wounded on his side.

My fault that he had the explosion, and sucked away Dragon magick.

My fault that it had pushed Matthias over the edge.

My fault Matthias poisoned him and the baby.

My fault Tino kept trying to flee... and never tried to love me.

My fault Tino could be dead oversea- no, I would have felt it. We hadn't made love to seal our bond, but... a spell s\_he \_had cast had joined us together... forever.

Tino bound us to make me suffer didn't she?

I began to weep, bowing my head. The council around me didn't even pause, I had stopped actually ruling after I felt the searing pain of my beloved giving birth to our baby. I even felt as she tried to shield it from me, but I had really taken some of it from her, helping our baby along, making sure he or she would live.

I knew she had gone to the other side of the sea, further south down than was recommended for Dragons, so I worried about the baby.

Six years had passed, and I never felt crushing grief, so the baby must have been thriving.

What did my child look like?

"... And so with this next freeze coming we have to make sure that the storerooms are stocked properly, we don't want another mouse epidemic like two winters ago..." the council members laughed

halfheartedly.

I stood, all eyes now on me.

"Sire?"

"Th'n ins'e'd of t'lkin' ab'ut m'king th'm prop'r, ye are goin' ta be h'lpin' meh build th'm th's ye'r. C'me." I said, leaving the room with purpose.

A few followed, grinning.

I saw Gilbert in the hallway, talking casually to the human not-quite prisoner Elizabeta. She looked about ready to hit him with a frying pan that she had been carrying around.

I paused, listening to their bickering.

"...C'mon Eliza, I know you're worried about him, but his condition has only been getting worse. Please let me take the kids out for a flight? You know how much they loved it the last time I did."

"You stole them that time Gilbert Beilschmidt! Little Feli was terrified!" she shouted back, raising the pan.

Gilbert flinched back, "C'mon, they can't stay cooped up with your dying husband! Think of them! I haven't heard Feliciano laugh in days!"

I froze. Elizabeta's husband was dying? Why had no one told me? I walked over, "Eliza? Why d'dn't ye t'll meh yur h'sb'nd w's dyin'?" I asked, standing over the woman.

She bristled and Gilbert winced. Elizabeta rounded on me. "Why didn't I WHAT? I TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER! He needed help and the medics wouldn't help without your approval! He is dying because you ignored me! Your damned numbness has made it so now you care of nothing you fool! How could you? I curse you in the name of Loki! Tricks and snares may trip you up, but a lying tongue will be your death!" Eliza was cursing him, screaming. Power boomed from her words, and a doom settled over everything.

What she had said would come to pass.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

My fear mounted when a few days later the weather got a lot worse.

The villagers mumbled that a witch must have cursed the village. We were too far down south to be getting a blizzard. A lot of snow was fine, but over two feet? Not really normal; not safe for my little Peter anyways.

"Lukas," I asked tiredly, knowing he would be just as exhausted from the days' work, "could you please bring another log for the fire?"

He sighed and nodded, standing to go outside.

"Peter!" I called, turning to where I knew he would come bounding out of his room. Instead he came out slowly, a sleepy look in his dulling blue eyes. "Honey? What's wrong baby?" I asked, crouching down and picking him up.

He coughed, rubbing his eyes. "I'm sweepy..." he yawned.

"But... it's mid afternoon sweet pie." I cooed, taking him and sitting down on our little couch. I cradled my son into my lap, kissing his forehead. I waited for him to say something, then discovered he was asleep in my embrace. I smiled softly, feeling his forehead. It was cool, not too hot, but maybe cooler than normal.

When Lukas came back inside with the second log, I put Peter on the couch and went to finish up making dinner.

"Lukas?" I paused, waiting for him to look at me, "Do Dragons hibernate?" I asked.

He cocked his head, considering my question seriously. "Hmm... yes I think they do, but only if they're solitary from other Dragons, otherwise they should be able to make their own heat." he replied, putting my fears to rest.

"Oh good... that would explain why Peter is so sleepy. I doubt he'll get so bad as to actually not be able to wake up, but he'll be lethargic if the weather doesn't let up soon..." I worried, stirring the stew.

When supper rolled around, I woke up Peter, carrying his form to the table and putting him at his seat. He slumped over the table, still mostly asleep.

I saw Lukas frown, sitting down as I came back to the table, bringing the hot bowls of stew. "What're we having tonight?"

I sighed, "Same as last night, venison and cabbage stew." I looked down at the bowl sadly when I saw Lukas' grimace.

"Is it leftover or new?"

"New, we ate the leftover this morning remember?" I asked, digging in.

Peter hadn't moved from his sleep position yet, so I shook him gently, "Wake up dear sky, supper will get cold."

He grunted, sitting up and grasping his spoon, staring blankly at the substance in the bowl. "What is it Mama?" he asked.

"Venison and cabbage stew Peter, now eat up." I frowned at his grimace.

"May I only eat the venison out...?" he asked.

I wasn't prepared for that question, so I looked at Lukas. His expression frightened me, a dark brooding stare was directed at Peter. I caught his eye and he nodded slightly.

"Peter... if you want you may. But tomorrow double helpings of cabbage, we don't have much meat." I told him sternly.

He nodded, dipping the spoon in the stew, eating the meat eagerly.

The supper was finished in silence. Peter left only the cabbage left, deigning the stock meaty enough to drink. By the time I had taken the bowls up he was fast asleep in Lukas' arms, whom looked concerned.

"Take him to his bed please..." I murmured, putting them in a bin with water in it, washing them off.

He nodded, doing as I asked. He sat then sat in front of the fire on a simple stool. "How do we know it's hibernation?" He asked, his voice tired.

I started crying, "I-I don't know!" I cried, sinking to the ground, burying my face in my hands. "I know almost nothing about Dragons! He could be dying!"

Lukas sighed, touching my shoulder gently, "I do not sense his life force sinking that much, it feels lethargic, but nothing dangerous, okay? If you are that desperate, then you might try to contact Ber-"

"NO!" I shrieked, "I won't EVER speak to him again! He will destroy us!"

"Calm yourself Tino." Lukas was stern, cold eyes causing me to slump. "If he is in trouble then why would you not help him?"

"B-Berwald would only make things-" I cut off as I heard Bjort walk in, and I turned to see his sleepy face. "Yes Bjort? What do you need?"

He frowned, "Peter won't move over in bed, and when I tried to make him he shoved me off." he glared back in the direction of his bed.

I sighed, standing up, "Alright, I'll move him, and then you can go to sleep okay? The sun has already set."

He nodded, and I walked with him to the children's room, leaning over Peter's sleeping body. I grabbed his waist and he flailed against me. I ignored his protests, pulling him over so Bjort could have enough room.

"There," I said, letting him go, "I hope you don't have any more problems, but if he does it again, shove him off the bed." I grinned, and watched Bjort get in bed, before turning and going back to sit next to Lukas.

"We are a strange family aren't we?" Lukas chuckled, taking my hand.

I nodded, more tears falling. "I fear for him... Bjort is so tolerant, he is probably getting made fun of for being related to my son..."

Lukas looked grim, "He is strong, I know that he does not care what they say." He smirked, "He thinks they are all beneath him since he comes from a place where no one is rumored to live without seid, and it's true, in his homeland not even gender is a boundary for power."

I smiled, "I hope it doesn't go to his head..." I sighed, looking at my worn shoes. "Should I teach Peter seid?"

Lukas looked into the fire, "Not at this age. He cannot control his own power, and he does not yet have the discipline to use magick."

I nodded, "Thank you..."

"For?"

"For staying with me... for helping me. For saving Peter and I, for... for everything..." Tears were streaming down my face again, and I looked up to see a stray tear on Lukas' cheek before he wiped it away.

"Don't thank me, I could have saved you from this whole mess, but I didn't. I am merely making up for my mistake." He sounded cold, but I saw that he meant it.

I nodded, leaning against him.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

As the weeks went by, I could feel mounting fear and worry in the connection between my mate and I, something wasn't quite right.

I became more involved with my clan again, taking charge, and doing everything I could to help heal Elizabeta's dying husband. It was all for naught, as after a few weeks of treatment he passed in his sleep.

Everyone feared the curse Eliza had lain on me, but I didn't. I simply accepted that it would happen eventually, and it might not be so horrible to just finally die after having ruled for hundreds of years.

I shook my head to clear it of such thoughts. Tino might need me, or the baby might need me, or both of them...

"Sire?" Gilbert was kneeling before me, looking concerned, "Hello?"

I nodded, allowing him up. "Wh't?"

"You aren't going to believe this when I tell you." He looked worried, red eyes darting here and there.

"Spi' t out." I grumbled, walking down the corridor.

"There's a stray clan of Dragons headed to the land across the sea. They are too far south to be safe though sire..." he trailed off, stopping behind me.

"D'es Tino kn'w?" I asked, looking at him.

"We have been unable to contact him since he got on that boat six years ago. So no, he doesn't. You might want to go and get him..." he mumbled, hiding his face.

My eyes widened, "Ye know wh' ah c'n't do th't!" I was afraid. What if I did go and Tino was angry and afraid of me?

"If it is anyone but you sire then Tino will believe that we are trying to kidnap him again."

"Her," I corrected. Why do they all think she's a boy?

"Her..." Gilbert mumbled awkwardly, "Anyway, you are the most fit to go to him, plus you are the only one strong enough to carry them all if you must leave with them." He explained, making too many good points for me to refuse.

"A'right, 'll go. But, 'm w'rnnin' ye Gil, if yer lyin' jus' ta g't meh there..." I growled low, getting in his face, "Ge' i'?"

He gulped, nodding vigorously. "I would not lie to you."

I nodded, "Good, I w'll le've t'm'rrow. Ge' meh thin's ready fer th'n."

Gilbert looked stunned, like he couldn't really believe I had agreed. Tino was my wife after all, what husband wouldn't want to see their wife, no matter the circumstances?

"Yes sir!" he hurried away, giving orders.

I went to my room and began to pack. It would have to be a small bag, and I would have to go many days without food, but it would be alright. As soon as I got to land again I would feed, and head down to where I would be able to feel Tino, and unfortunately he would also feel me.

I sighed, glaring at nothing... until I realized it was a maid that now looked as if she might faint. I quickly averted my eyes, and left to go and train a little so my wings would be up to the distance I would need to travel.

\*\*The next morning...\*\*

I transformed, my muscles lengthening and my body flowing into it's proper form, wings snapping out to brush the rocks over twenty feet apart. This was a good day to fly. I nodded to Gilbert, and he got everyone to move back as I began to beat my wings.

It took two heaves before I was climbing the air waves, the pressure to stay on the ground making my muscles strain until I got to a good enough height and I was soaring away from my clan, and toward my wife, my Tino.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: FINALLY GOT UP OFF MY LAZY BUTT AND FINISHED IT! GAH why did it TAKE so dang long? Anyway, I hope I wrote a pretty good chapter eh?\*\*

\*\*I've gotten many questions about Tino's gender, technically, he's still a guy, even though he gave birth and has boobies, both were done through magic, so he's still a guy, refers to himself as a guy, etc.\*\*

\*\*And I am so sorry, but yeah I did forget about Bjort for a bit there, I'm going to try to keep him more involved though... sorry...\*\*

\*\*FinnishGirl, I totally understand where you're coming from, the only translator I have is Google, and even though I know it sucks, it's all I got, and for the sake of the story, it's in an AU, so for the sake of the story because I'm lazy (T.T sorry) I'm just making it like that, I am aware that you aren't Scandinavians.\*\*

\*\*Thank you all of my lovely reviewers!\*\*

\*\*REVIEW OR I WILL COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BREAK YOUR SINK!\*\*

\*\*I  
>V<strong>

## 9. Chapter 9

The waves surged beneath my body as I flew over them, muscles straining from the long flight. I growled lowly; land was only a little ways off.

It had been almost four weeks since I had set off for the land across the sea. As I grew closer, I could feel that Tino knew it too, but for some reason she wasn't running, which was so heartwarming, it had been what kept me going.

I tasted the air in front of me, deeming the waters deep enough, and I dived, angling in so that I would shoot forward instead of down. As my blue body slid past the bottom, I registered the temperature, as well as saw evidence that frightened me.

The water was almost as cold as the waters in the sea of my birth land, and I could see that the sea life was suffering from it- this occurrence was not natural.

The ice dragons were already here.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

I shuffled nervously, glancing out of a small window every now and then. I could feel him getting closer. I knew Berwald would eventually come for Peter, but so soon? Peter was still a boy, being torn from my side would traumatize him forever. Surely Berwald knew this.

He must have another reason.

I could sense it in the air. A sense of foreboding, an unnatural bite to the wind that whipped through the trees. Something bad was happening. Was Berwald the cause? Or was he trying to help?

"Tino?" I turned at Lukas' voice. It was grim, and he was unsmiling.

"Yes Lukas?" I asked, walking away from the window, closer to our small fireplace.

"He won't wake up. His vitals are slowing, and almost nonexistent. If the weather does not let up and we are unable to keep him warm..." Lukas shrugged, turning away so he wouldn't see the look of terror on my face.

I sank to the ground, feeling my soul cry out in anguish. "Would... would he... his skin... could we... could we put him in the fire?" I asked, my voice shaking, flinching at the thought of putting him in the fireplace like so many logs.

"He might be able to withstand fire, but I don't think it would be a good idea for prolonged exposure. We can however move him in front of it. Hopefully it'll awaken him enough that he'll be able to take fluids." Lukas said quietly, watching me fall apart.

"No..." I moaned, "He's going to die... I can \_feel \_it!" I cried into my hand, letting Lukas cradle me in his embrace.

"Call Berwald to you. We need him if Peter is to survive." Lukas said in a resigned voice.

"He's already almost here. I felt him coming closer about a week or two ago. It frightened me, but I knew that he would just track me wherever I went. So there's really no point in leaving..." I sighed, leaning into him.

He stiffened, but nodded, accepting my words. "Good, the sooner the better."

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

\_I can feel it. Tino is hurting. Our baby, is it alright in these cold conditions? \_My thoughts grew wild and ragged as I came up on shore, having swum the rest of the way.

I smelled strange small animals. Not quite small, but smaller than what they reminded me of.

I sped toward the herd of them, snatching up five in my maw, killing them instantly and swallowing. I smelled a village nearby, and went towards it. The livestock would be good eating.

After devouring a horse or two, and a few oxen, I transformed back, my human skin prickling with cold.

I got my pack out, pulling on the clothes there. It was going to be a long walk from this village to the one down farther towards the southern coast. To where my lovely wife was waiting, where she wasn't running away.

A twig snapped behind me and I spun around, catching a glimpse of a bear loping away from the clearing I stood in. I nodded in understanding. It was a warning to leave the area, as it wasn't mine. My presence was too large to stay in one place for too long.

I got moving, my sturdy boots carrying me further into the woods down the coast. I saw little in the way of wildlife, already the people must have driven them off.

After a little while, I doubled over, eyes wide open as I absorbed Tino's screams of fear. Something was very wrong with our child. I took off, shredding my clothes and transforming to get there as soon as possible.

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

I screamed, dropping the cup of tea I was bringing to Peter. His skin was tinged blue, along with his lips, and he wasn't moving. I ran to him, touching his face. It was smooth with scales, most of them turning blue from the cold.

"LUKAS!" I shrieked, having already drawn Bjort to my screams. I felt Berwald quite close, and screamed for him too, stabbing it into the bit of his soul I could feel, urging him towards me.

Lukas came running, but stopped dead when he saw. "Oh no..." he breathed, kneeling down next to me. "Odin... Tino I-" he stopped, tears going down his face.

"Shut up!" I shrieked, pulling Peter into my lap and cradling him. "He needs fire, he isn't dead Lukas!" Instead of waiting for him to do something I stumbled into an upright position, Peter still cradled to my chest. I took him over to the lit fireplace, placing him inside, over the low-burning embers. Immediately his scales lost the terrifying tinge to them, and he seemed to breathe more regularly.

A strong sound of flapping wings sounded close by, and I remembered that I had called to him. Lukas looked alarmed, staring at me for a brief second before rushing outside.

"Bjort?" I said quietly. The boy hurried over. "Watch your cousin, make sure nothing happens to him, and come get me if something scary starts happening okei?" I asked, standing up and heading to the open door that Lukas had left behind him.

Bjort nodded, taking a step nearer the fire, kneeling down and taking a seat, gazing at the face in the flames.

I rushed outside, closing the door behind me against the cold. "Lukas!" I called, knowing he would be trying to fight off Berwald. A loud roar rang through the woods, and I winced. We would definitely have to move. The villagers would accuse us of doing evil.

Since Lukas probably couldn't hear me, I tried Berwald. \_"Stop right now. He's being stupid, don't pay attention, just come to the house and transform back into your human form... Peter needs a Dragon to help him." \_I was very reluctant to reveal the gender of our child. Most people valued sons, and he would be taken away from me.

"\_We... he is a son?" \_Was the gentle reply. A large ice blue dragon came through the trees, eventually shrinking down and changing color so that he was in the form of a man. A very large, and very naked man.

I blushed, looking away. "Come inside before you catch a cold. Lukas! Get back inside!" I called, knowing the disgruntled man would come back sopping wet from the snow. Berwald brushed past me inside, carrying a pack I hadn't noticed.

Of course he would bring spare clothes.

I knelt down next to where Peter lay. He had curled up by himself in the fireplace, a peaceful look on his face.

"G'od, ye f'gur'd ou' h'w ta k'ep 'im w'r'm." Berwald said softly, also kneeling down. His face was soft, open almost. I could see Peter's and Berwald's features matching up.

Peter had his strong chin, their eyes, just a shade off, probably due to my own eyes interfering. Their noses were both very straight. But Peter had my cheeks, and my laugh. I was almost crying at how much alike they looked. Even Peter's hair was the same shade as Berwald's!

"W'fe..." He murmured, catching my hand. "Ah c'me ta w'rn ye."

"About winter? Message received." I mumbled, yanking my hand out of his grip. I almost wanted him to hold me close, whispering into my ear that everything would be fine since he was here. That Peter would be fine, the winter would pass, and he would wake up..

I blinked when I felt his arms go around me, bringing me close into his embrace. I didn't resist, and when I was settled, I began to cry. Why had I run away? He was so safe, and I had caused him and others so much pain by leaving. Not just Berwald, but also Peter. He grew up never seeing his father's face, so much like his own.

"Tino..." he cradled me close.

"I'm so sorry... leaving... I didn't... I thought it was best for Peter! Since I was so terrified, and stressing out so much... I didn't want a chance to miscarry. Male pregnancies are delicate even without stress..." I whimpered, seeing Lukas in the doorway, taking off his boots and coat.

He had a rabbit slung over his shoulder. "So Berwald, you've noticed that this isn't a normal winter I assume?"

Berwald nodded, nuzzling me for a second before turning to my cousin. "Ice Dr'gons h've come ta th's r'gion. Ah don' kn'w why, bu' ah know tha' ye sh'ld le've. Isn' s'fe here." He explained, sitting down properly, dragging me into his lap.

I whimpered slightly, struggling away. He let me up, and I went to fetch the kettle, knowing Lukas would need a nice cup of tea, not only to warm him up, but for his nerves. He didn't have much patience for Dragons.

As I gathered the correct ingredients needed, Berwald sat back and watched me. As the kettle was set to boil I strode back over to Peter. "Is it safe to leave him in the fireplace?" I asked, glancing at Berwald.

He nodded, "H's sk'n's f're pro'f. H' c'n pl'y in f're if h' w'nts ta."

I nodded slightly, then left to get the kettle. Lukas was sitting stiffly in a chair facing the fire, and he was glaring. I touched his shoulder as I passed, and he glanced at my face quickly before resuming his glare at Berwald.

Once the tea was poured and distributed, I sat down next to Peter by the fire, Bjort curled on my lap. Berwald had scooted back some, but Lukas was in the same place, still glaring at Berwald.

"So Berwald, I expect that since you believe this place to be unsafe, that you wish for us to come with you?" Lukas asked curtly, eyes narrowing at the taller man.

Berwald's cheeks colored slightly, and he nodded. "Ice Dr'gons 'er dang'ro's. Th' s'fest pl'ce w'uld be w'th meh back a' tha cl'n's h'me. Th'y're pr'b'ly 'ere fer th' f'od." He stated.

Bjort flinched when he started talking, and I smoothed his hair, frowning. "Why can we simply not stay here if their interest is in the food?" I asked, weary.

Berwald sighed, "Th' f'od is pe'ple."

This time I flinched along with Bjort, eyes widening in fear. "Why can they not simply eat the plentiful deer? I have even heard of giant furry beasts to the west, why can they not eat those?"

Berwald was shaking his head. "Th'y're cru'l, tha's why."

I shuddered, hugging Bjort close. "Monsters..." I murmured, smoothing Bjort's hair again.

"So if we come with you we'll be safe from dragons?" Lukas sneered, looking down at Berwald from over his cup. "That sounds likely."

I shook my head, "They... the dragons do not... they can be kind..." I found myself saying, "It is the Vikings that are evil."

Lukas shook his head, "I have seen enough terror spread through both, why would the dragons be the lesser evil? Because one captured, crippled, and got you pregnant?" His tone was bitter, and he reached for my hand, which I gave to him.

"Berwald didn't get me pregnant Lukas, the Viking leader Matthias did. He used a potion. Berwald did kidnap me, but his intentions were pure..." I shook my head. I was arguing with my cousin that the dragon behind me wasn't evil?

"W'fe... pl'se m'ke a ch'ice soon. 't'll be too col' ta fly bac' w'th all ya in a we'k. C'n ya d'cide by th'n?" Berwald quietly interjected, turning to look at me.

I nodded, giving Lukas a look. "Lukas, think of Bjort and Peter. What if the Ice Dragons do come here and eat us? I don't want to leave them in the same state that my mother left me." I pleaded with him.

His face softened. "I will think about it, okay Tino? I do not want them to be abandoned either, but to go to a dragon's lair? We would never be allowed to leave."

"Ye w'ld tho'. Ye c'n go ta m'rket fer us, ta ge' tha f'od... go hun'in', wha'ev'r ya li'e." Berwald insisted, "Eliza co'ks fer us."

My eyes widened, "You... she is still there? Are her children safe? Can Roderick still play his music?" I asked eagerly.

Berwald looked sad, staring at the floor. "Roderick c'nno' play 'is mu'ic... no' an'more..." He sighed, taking my hand in his.

I pulled away from him, "What happened to him?"

"He's di'd. Af'er ye lef' ah... ah didn' lis'en no one. Ah didn' kn'w 'e w's dyin'. Tha heal'r's coul'n' a do an'thin' w'thou' my say so... he di'd." Berwald explained slowly, as if internally flinching back from me.

"No... Elizabeta and her children..." I drew away from him, tears swimming in my eyes. "Why didn't you help them?"

"Ah w's st'll numb fr'm ye leavin'..." He replied quietly, bowing his head.

"Odin... it's all my fault... I have to see Eliza. I have to make it right. Lukas I don't care if you don't want to, I'm going back with him. Peter is coming too, and Bjort can if he wants to." I stated firmly, my eyes focused on Lukas' face.

He nodded once, "As you wish, I will accompany you, to make sure that you can get out if you need to."

I grinned, "Thank you Lukas." Berwald looked at me, surprise in his eyes. "When can we leave?" I asked.

"Umm... tam'rrow if ya c'n pac' t'night." He said, a light blush dusting his cheeks.

"Thank you Berwald." I said, rising to my feet. "Alright, let's get packing. Bjort, gather your clothes, and basically anything you can put in a bag. Run along."

this-is-a-line-i-sweats

I stood on the edge of the riverbank, watching as Berwald waited patiently for Lukas to finish strapping the supplies to his legs. I held Peter tight in my arms, wrapped up in a blanket so that he would stay warm.

"Berwald?"

"\_Yes?" \_

"Are you sure you can handle all of us with the supplies at once?" I asked, walking a little ways forward.

The giant dragon head nodded, \_"Of course, I am the leader for a

reason. I have to be the strongest. Plus, it is only one grown man, a woman, and two children. It is not so much." \_

I felt my eye twitching, "When will you get it?! I am not a woman!" I shouted, stomping up to him and climbing on. I could feel his rumbling laugh and kicked at his side. "I am not a woman!" I shouted again.

"Give it up Tino, he's a blockhead. Why would he be able to comprehend that you are a man when he hasn't seen you naked?" Lukas interjected, "Plus with those boobs, you look even more womanly."

"Do you wanna get kicked too?!" I yelled, tucking Peter on my lap properly so that he wouldn't fall off. "Now get on before we leave you." I huffed, waiting as he slid Bjort into place behind me before settling in himself.

"\_Are we ready?" \_Berwald asked me, turning his great head to look.

"We're fine. Let's go." I huffed again, impatient.

He bowed his head, and then tensed up, crouching lower to the ground. I was frightened, but could feel his soul soothing mine, and my body relaxed as he leapt into the air, wings beating harshly. I gasped, holding on tightly as the wind whipped across my face.

this-is-a-line-i-swears

"Careful now! Land is just coming into view! The cliffs should have some bad wind bouncing off of them!" Lukas cried, sitting forward on Berwald's back.

We had traveled for almost four weeks, with the weather getting colder the farther we flew. Berwald had spent the better of three of those weeks traveling over the water where sea gusts would pound at us. He never seemed to tire, even though he had so much weight bearing down on him.

Peter hadn't woken up, and his color had worsened, so Berwald would periodically hold him in his mighty claws and breathe fire onto his body, trying to warm him up.

Berwald's home was just within sight, which meant that Peter would probably be warm enough to wake up. My heart lifted at the prospect, and it seemed almost as if Berwald began to fly faster in anticipation.

Something struck me though. What was I going to tell Peter when he saw Berwald? When he asked growing up, I replied that his father had made it impossible for it to be safe for me there, so I had fled. Would he hate Berwald because of me?

I sighed, caressing his sleeping face. Lukas put a hand on my shoulder as if he knew what I was thinking.

"He will make his own decisions. Do not worry about him Tino." Lukas reassured me.

I nodded, turning to smile at him, "Thank you."

He nodded once, eyes widening just a fraction. I whipped my head around to see what had made him react, and I gulped, seeing that a few dragons were flying towards us.

A sleek green one, and a pure white one with a red streak across one eye. The white one approached closest and blew fire into the air, roaring in a celebratory manner.

Bjort flinched into my back, burying his face so he couldn't see them.

I glared at the dragons doing tricks in the air around us. Berwald gave a short sound, and immediately the two stopped and flew back to the ground, bowing as we landed.

I winced, my thighs killing me from riding for so long every day. Lukas slid off as soon as Berwald touched down, lifting his hands up to catch Bjort who slid down soon after.

The white dragon shrank down to it's humanoid form, and the albino man I had seen a few times strode over, still naked. And he was laughing.

"Oh wow Your Majesty, forgive me, but you look like a pack horse! Kesesesesese!" He wheezed, almost doubling over.

I slid off of Berwald as well, Peter in my arms. A bright flush crept up my cheeks as the naked man strode forward, crimson eyes wide at Peter. I stepped backwards, pressing against Berwald.

"Whoa, your wife has tits now Highness!" He exclaimed, getting even closer, though I could feel Berwald's rumbling in his chest.

I blushed brighter, "G-get away!" I said, trying to cover my larger chest, hiding Peter's face as well. Motherly instincts activated.

"Aw c'mon M'Lady, having that kid has made your boobs bigger." The albino said flippantly, reaching out a hand.

I slapped it away, and he looked confused, continuing to reach for the bags above my head. I saw Lukas glaring at the man a few paces away. I put my back to him, and reached up as well, getting all the bags down with the man's help.

A few servants had gathered at this point, and once it was discerned what was what, they took the bags to their respectable rooms. Which means my stuff would end up in Berwald's room... along with Peter's small bag of things I had gathered for him.

I turned away as Berwald shrank down, instead moving over to Lukas and Bjort. I could feel the curious stares coming from others whom had gathered in the open courtyard.

"Tino!" My head snapped up and I searched for the owner of the voice, a smile breaking over my face as I ran to my friend.

"Eliza!" I exclaimed, hugging her fiercely. Her little twins were standing around her, well, they were older, but still young.

"How did he convince you to come back?" she asked, face full with worry.

I smiled at her, "The winter was terrible, and it was because Ice Dragons where in the area." I blinked, remembering Peter in my arms. I glanced down, and she must have followed my gaze, because she gasped.

"Oh... oh \_Tino\_... he's beautiful..." She murmured, touching his face. Her motherly look almost flashed with disgust, as her flesh brushed against the scales on his face, and she quickly drew her hand away. "So he is Berwald's son..."

Tears filled my eyes, and I pulled him closer to me. "Eliza..." I muttered, shifting so she couldn't see Peter's face anymore.

"Tino, I'm sorry, it's not like that... he will just take some getting used to is all. When may I meet him?" She asked, ruffling one of her children's heads.

At this I frowned, "... I am not sure... when he wakes up I guess..."

She frowned to, trying to understand exactly what I meant, "So then for dinner?"

I shrugged, "If he's warm enough to wake..." I replied, looking down at him, nestled in my arms. She still looked confused, and I almost wanted to smack myself. I grinned sadly at her. "Oh sorry... he hasn't woken in over a month."

At this however, she looked stricken. "What?"

"He's been too cold, so he would not wake. His body sent him into hibernation." I explained as best as I could. Lukas had only guessed at any rate.

"And moving him you thought was the best idea?" She asked, concern in her voice as she began to walk. I followed after her, a bag on my shoulder.

"Well... I thought that if he came here he would wake since all the dragons here are awake... what?"

Eliza had been shaking her head at the end of my sentence. "The weaker dragons are sleeping, and have been out for over a month as well. Tino, Peter most likely won't wake up until winter is over. Even if he is the son of the strongest dragon here, his mother is human..."

I frowned, "Then he would be half warm-blooded. That should give him a better chance of waking I should think."

She cocked her head, pausing in front of a door and opening it. We entered her room, I guessed, and sat down next to the fireplace, her children leaning against her chair. One was already asleep, and she pulled him into her lap, while the other scowled. "Well... that does

make sense. Who knows? Your son is most likely the first half human, half dragon child."

I sighed, looking into the flames. "Eliza... I am... I am sorry for leaving. I know what its done to your family..." I squeezed my eyes shut, waiting for her to shout.

Her breath hitched, "Tino... don't apologize. It wasn't your fault. I forced you to go remember? It's Berwald's fault, and I've made sure he'll pay for it."

I wrenched to look at her, "You what?"

"He's cursed. Something terrible will happen to him because of false words." She stated calmly, looking down at the boy in her lap.

"How... how could you?" I was shocked, gentle Eliza curse someone? How awful! Never would that happen!

"My husband had died and it was all his fault Tino. He was the one that didn't pay attention to me when I screamed my pleas into his face! I watched my husband suffer and die because Berwald would not help me! Would not hear me!" she shouted, standing up. The little boy fell to the floor and began to cry. She made no move to soothe him.

"He didn't mean to! What would you have done if someone you kept trying to love feared you and kept running? And then, when you finally thought you had them, they slipped away, probably forever? Wouldn't you try to shut out the world?" I demanded, also standing up. Peter stayed tucked to my chest though, and didn't stir.

She looked as though I had slapped her. "Y-you-!" Her hand flashed out and struck me. "Get out! Get out, get out, get out!" She screamed, looking around as though searching for something better to hit me with.

I frowned, turning towards the door, and leaving. She slammed it shut behind me, and I found myself unaware of where to go.

"\_Tino, are you okay?" \_Berwald asked mentally, \_"Why do you feel pain?" \_

I shook myself. My shields must be pretty low for him to be able to sense that. \_"Eliza and I had a fight, I'm fine. But I don't know where I am..."\_

I could feel his amusement, and I pouted.

"\_Do not worry my wife, I shall find you, and then we can go to the feast.\_"

I smiled. Maybe things are looking up.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: What a nice chapter ending isn't it? Well, things will get stirred up! Don't you worry!\*\*

\*\*With a show of hands, who is happy that Tino went with Berwald without much of a fight?\*\*

\*\*Next time: Is Peter strong enough to wake up? Fluffy cuteness talk, or serious shouting match between Tino and Berwald after the feast? Wait! Is Matthias really back?!\*\*

\*\*Thank you to all of my lovely reviewers!\*\*

\*\*Guest\*\*

\*\*shigatsu-chan\*\*

\*\*Major\*\*

\*\*Rachelle4eva\*\*

\*\*demoness of music\*\*

\*\*FEMALENARUTO1\*\*

\*\*All reviews hasten my writing, because I save them in my emails, and when they start to build up, I write more!\*\*

\*\*REVIEW OR I WILL COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BREAK YOUR SINK GOT THAT BUDDY?\*\*

\*\*I

>V<strong>

## 10. Chapter 10

The hall I was sitting in was large, but not lavishly decorated. It had plain walls, but they were nearly obscured by shields. The floor was half covered by fresh rushes. The hall was divided into three sections by the three different tables. Each of them were carved from pine, and could hold at least fifteen people on each side. They were arranged so that at the very back of the room was a table that faced the other two and was separate. The other two faced each other, and even had a less grand tablecloth. The back table was considered the High Table. That was where I sat, gazing at all the other dragons in the room.

I could see my hands trembling as I took a sip from my goblet. The food looked delicious, but Berwald hadn't taken the first bite. He was addressing the hall in his native tongue, which sounded kinda sexy coated in that deep voice of his.

I shook my head, trying to understand what he was saying and failing miserably.

Eliza wasn't in the room, and I felt her absence keenly as if I had banished her myself. Her words continued to echo through my head though. They sounded so sure, as if nothing was wrong with what she had done. Berwald has a son, and a clan that he needs to look after, to do something so serious was terrible. But... Berwald ignored her pleas to save Roderick... I shook my head clear, realizing that Berwald had finished speaking, and was now eating.

He paused, seeing my face. "S'methin' wr'ng w'fe?" he asked softly, leaning close to me.

I blushed, shaking my head again. As soon as he turned back to his food, I began eating in earnest. The soup was amazing, and I couldn't get enough of it. After my third refill however, my stomach cramped. When the servant girl came over to offer more I turned her away, leaning back in my chair.

I heard something odd, and looked over at Berwald. His lips were pressed in a thin line, and his eyebrows were drawn into a glare. A frightened squeak made its way past my lips before I realized what he was doing. Berwald was holding back laughter. I blinked, pouting. "What?" I asked.

"Ye h've a l'vely app'tite w'fe." He replied, a tiny smile tugging on the corner of his lips.

I bit my lip to hold back my own laughter. "That's because I'm a man." I stage-whispered to him, smiling.

He rolled his eyes, going back to eating.

The albino was sitting on my right, wagging his eyebrows and making kissy faces.

I frowned, turning away from him to look at the rest of the room.

Lukas sat near, but not quite at the High Table, just right next to it.

A movement next to me alerted my attention, and I turned to see Berwald listening to a woman in medic garb. The moment his expression shifted, I was already out of my seat and almost shaking the medic woman.

"Why would you not tell me first you wretched wench?" I hissed, trying not to make too big of a scene and failing miserably.

The woman was shaking in my grip, and she began to babble in Berwald's tongue, squeaking every now and then when my fists clenched and unclenched. I felt Berwald's hand on my back.

\_She didn't know, let her go please. You may go and see him right now.\_ Berwald silently spoke to me, seeming to prefer this to actual words.

I nodded, letting go of the poor servant. I bit back a snarl as she fell to the floor and scrambled away a few feet though, instead settling for a glare. I could feel the stares on me as I hurried from the room, rushing to Berwald's room. The medics had insisted that I leave him there, even though I had wanted to get my own room with him.

The door swung open, and there was Peter, sitting up in a small bed that sat near the fire. His eyes were sleepy, but open. A medic woman sat next to him, gently helping him sit up.

"Don't touch him." I hissed, bearing my teeth at her. She nodded, not seeming to think it frightening. I knelt down next to Peter who was opening his eyes. "My baby!" I cooed, cupping his face and hefting him in my lap as I sat down.

"Mama?" He asked, his voice small and scared.

"Baby it's alright, you're safe with me." I reassured him, kissing his cheeks. He's awake! He'll be alright!

"Where are we?" He asks, struggling to sit up. I hugged him closer for a moment, then helped him as well, ignoring the woman that knelt a few paces away.

I grimaced, "We are we are at your father's stronghold!" I gulped, "Peter, I haven't been completely honest with you. You know that your father was not human correct? And that while I was pregnant with you, I could not stay with him because it was dangerous?" Peter merely stared at me, so I continued.

"You see, your father is the King of the Scandinavian Dragons. One day he took me from my home as it was being attacked. Then he decided I would be his bride. The Viking leader, Matthias, gave me a potion that made me pregnant with you. If you were to survive, I had to escape with Uncle Lukas to the New World." I explained, watching his face carefully.

He just nodded, seeming to take things in. "Why are we back if it was so dangerous?" He asked, looking at the fire in the fireplace.

"Because Ice Dragons were threatening our safety in the New World, they devoured people for food, so your father came to get us." I saw his fearful face, and guessed why, "Lukas and Bjort are with us and safe, don't worry honey." I reassured him.

"Mama! why have I been sleeping so much?" Peter asked then, snuggling close into my arms.

"Because you are half dragon, and not suited for being apart from dragons during the winter." I explained, running my fingers through his short blonde hair. "Please forgive me for keeping this from you, I was afraid for you."

Peter just nodded and snuggled into my arms. "When will I get to see Dad?"

I stiffened, "I don't know Peter, after he is done eating if you're still awake." I told him, looking back at the medic woman who still knelt a ways away. "Do you want to see him now?" I asked. Peter nodded, silent for once. "Go get him for us please." I told the woman. She nodded, bowing slightly before she rose and left.

"Peter, he looks scary, I have to warn you." I murmured in his ear, rocking him gently in my lap. He didn't say anything, but he nodded, curling up more.

A few moments later, I heard steps approaching the door. They paused for a long time, until finally entering. Peter had been facing the door the whole time, and stiffened when he saw Berwald. I stood,

still holding Peter. Turning slightly, I caught the look on Berwald's face.

His jaw was slack as he stared at us, well Peter, his eyes showing so much tender love that I thought was impossible for any one person to hold. "Mah ch'ldâ€|" he murmured, gazing at us both. \_He's so perfect Tino, his eyes are like mineâ€|\_ The voice in my head was full of awe, and Berwald stepped closer, a hand stretched out.

I let them touch, Peter's small body trembling a little bit. "Dad?" Peter asked tentatively, his hand touching Berwald's.

Berwald nodded, closing his eyes and running his hand through Peter's hair. \_You've done fine by him love, he is so perfectâ€|\_ Berwald spoke only to me, seemingly unable to voice his feelings. I stared hard at him, and I saw a few tears drip down his cheeks. "May ahâ€| may ah h'ld 'im?" Berwald asked softly.

I smiled gently, setting Peter on his own feet. "If he wants you to." I replied, leaving it up to my- our- son, who was looking up at the giant of a man, craning his head back to see him properly. Nervously, I saw Peter lift up his hands, indicating that, yes, he did want to be held.

In a movement almost too quick to see, Berwald had scooped Peter up into his arms, spinning him around before hugging him tightly to his chest. Peter had squealed, either in delight or fear I couldn't tell, but as Berwald held him, he snuggled closer, wrapping his arms as tightly as he could around his neck.

I hadn't noticed I was crying until the cold drops landed on my hands, clasped together under my chin.

Berwald pulled back, studying Peter's face, his own stern and intense. Peter gazed back, a little confused. Berwald caressed the scales on Peter's face, then grasped his chin, turning his head this way and that to get a better look at them.

\_I will teach him how to transform. I can sense the power within him, do not worry wife. He will be safe.\_ Berwald's whispered thought almost riled me up, but I forced it back down.

\_Thank you, he doesn't know how to control himself. Once he almost set his bed on fire while he was sleeping.\_ I replied, a smile coming to my face.

Berwald laughed quietly, hugging Peter closely. It was then that I noticed he had fallen asleep again. "I think he'll wake in the morning. For now, we should let him rest. This probably hit him harder than he let onâ€|" I murmured, touching Berwald's arm.

Nodding, Berwald led me out of the room, taking Peter to the room across from ours. Once inside, he tucked Peter in, and I watched as he placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. Berwald straightened up slowly, then turned, gesturing for me to follow him.

I did so, wiping my tears away. My hands shook and I myself began to shake a little as we went back to our room.

I sat down hard on the chair in front of the fire, Berwald standing off to the side, his shoulders relaxed. Exhaustion tugged at my eyes, and I began to take long blinks. "Berwaldâ€œ!" I sighed, getting up slowly. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, taking off his boots, his jacket already discarded.

\_Yes wife?\_ He replied, turning to glance back at me.

I blinked again, and he was in front of me, an almost amused glint in his squinted eyes. \_You're tired? Come to bed and sleep.\_ The gentle giant coaxed, picking me up. I protested weakly, trying to kick off my own shoes.

"You're the one that flew for two weeks straight with four people on your back. How are you not—" I paused, yawning, while he set me down. "-dead on your feet?" I asked, pulling off my trousers and scooting to the top of the bed, trying not to notice that he had taken off his shirt and was currently naked, changing into sleeping pants.

His chuckle sounded a bit like a growl, but he sat down on the bed next to me, getting under the covers. I slid under with him, making sure we weren't touching. I waited for his answer, but one look told me why it was taking so long.

He was asleep already, his large body shaking the bed almost with his deep breathing.

I smiled. \_So peaceful, my heart doesn't stand a chanceâ€œ!\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I know it's short, and I know it's been forever, but the next part of the chapter is so action-packed, like BOOM, I couldn't put it all in one chapter without it taking a lot longer.\*\*

\*\*A huge thank you to those of you that stuck by me and have reviewed:\*\*

\*\*Ladybug Lover this chapter is dedicated to you, your review really got me off my butt and working on it again.\*\*

\*\*Central Dakota\*\*

\*\*Tino Vainamoien for all of your lovely reviews thank you~\*\*

\*\*mexicohetalia\*\*

\*\*StaroftheMorningAngel\*\*

\*\*Totes-RANDERP\*\*

\*\*takuya\*\*

\*\*Fryst hjrta\*\*

\*\*Thank all of you for your reviews, and I promise, I won't let this story die.\*\*

\*\*Now remember, please review, it really does help me keep writing.\*\*

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*UNKNOWN P.O.V.\*\*

Wind whipped against my face, and I growled, hunkering down a little more into my thin cloak. \_He'll die, they'll all die for this. They'll all pay! \_I thought viciously, collapsing onto the front steps of a hall I had conquered a few days ago.

"Trenst how go the preparations?" I asked, glancing back at the silent, slight man that stood a few paces behind me.

He flashed a quick smile. "They go as according to schedule Lord Viking. In less than a week they should be ready." He reported, bowing his head in respect.

I smirked, lurching to my feet and heading inside. The fire in the center warmed my chilled bones, and I relaxed against the pillar closest. In an instant I was on the ground, groaning, my body convulsing in pain. I rode out the excruciating episode in silence, curling up.

I felt along my face, feeling the scales that tried to grow. My body heaved, the bones popping, trying to grow. It was agony. I gasped, clutching my head, the claws on my fingers tearing at the skin, causing me to bleed. "Fuck!" I cursed, trying to force my dragons blood to heal the slashes.

After a few more agonizing moments, the spasms calmed down. My bones popped back mostly into place, my legs longer and shaped like an animals. The claws didn't retract, and I grinned, raking them across the floor, watching the sparks dance across the stone.

"Lord Viking?" A deep voice asked, devoid of concern. "The spasms are becoming stronger. Eventually you will be unable to keep your own mind, or your human form. You will be lost to the beast." It was Diav, his thick arms crossed as he watched me stagger over to him.

I grinned, feeling fangs press into my bottom lip. "Diav, you are absolutely correctâ€¦ about most of it." With a quick thrust, my hand plunged through his body. "My mind has always been lost to the beast." I hissed, jerking the hand away.

Diav didn't make a sound, his eyes following me as he sank to the ground. They burned with hate, which caused me to laugh.

"Do not forget, I am the only one strong enough to take them on. Do not be so foolish as to think that because you are Vikings that I will spare you." I leaned in closer so that only he could hear, "If I have my way, the earth would be bathed in all of their bloodâ€¦ yours, his, theirs." I grinned, gesturing around. "And I will have my way."

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

My body was encased in Berwald's warmth, which meant he had been

cuddling meâ€| again. I groaned, trying to sit up and out of his arms. "Berwald pleaseâ€|" I yawned, "I'm getting all sweaty and it's grossâ€|" I complained, wriggling away when he wouldn't let me up.

It had been only two short days since coming here, yet I had fallen so hard for him, it was as if we had been married forever. Peter was taking well to his lessons, being able to use magic and breathe fire, even mixing the two. Berwald showered him with praise, always making sure that he kept a handle on his mischief.

I got up, stretching out my back, wincing at the long old scar. Pulling on my clothes, I noticed that Berwald was staring at me, an intense look on his face. "What?" I asked, looking him up and down.

Berwald was shirtless, countless little scars slicing across his muscled chest. The sheets were pooled at his waist, revealing his hip bones and every inch of his pale, marred skin. His blond hair was tousled, one side of it sticking up from where he had been sleeping. He was very handsome to say the least.

My face flamed red when the corners of his mouth tilted up.

\_Wife, I love youâ€| would youâ€| would you like to make it official? \_Berwald's unusually timid mental voice made me pause, allowing the words to sink in.

\_Marry him? So soon? After every- \_I cut off my thoughts, mentally slapping myself. I had already forgiven him for everything. I had already trusted him with the baby I had been forced to have, the baby I loved. He had shown me, multiple times, how much he loved me. I must love him too to be able to trust him so much.

"Berwaldâ€| yes." I smiled at him. "But, not yet. I would like to spend a full year here to make sure my family is comfortableâ€| is that alright?" I asked, sitting down next to him.

He didn't say anything, the initial burst of joy I had felt from him dampened. He looked pensive, taking my hands in his and leaning close, his eyes staring into mine. "Of c'urse. We c'n wa't as l'ng as ya need ta." He murmured, pulling me into his chest.

I relaxed, "Thank you Berwald. Now let's go eat breakfast." I said, sitting up. Berwald growled softly, pulling me back, but this time into a kiss. I stiffened, surprised. His lips were gentle and rough, like they were chapped. I kissed back hesitantly, before pulling away, my eyes probably a little wider than they should be.

Berwald's face was completely red, his eyes more dragon than human at the moment. "Ja, l'ts go get bre'kf'stâ€|" he mumbled, getting out of bed.

\*\*LUKAS' P.O.V.\*\*

I woke again, fighting free of the nightmares, so real they just might be so. Bjort was sleeping soundly next to me, seemingly unbothered by my thrashing.

It was light, so it was morning. I sat fully up in bed, dragging a

hand down my face, trying to eliminate the images. Vikings, dragons, blood, everywhere there was to see. Tino, in the middle of it all, burning, but even though his mouth was open, no sound came out, his flesh slowly eaten alive, Berwald fighting to get to Tino.

Standing, I went over to a basin filled with water, washing my face with the brisk water, and pulling on a dark violet tunic over my white shirt and white trousers. Pulling on my boots, I noticed that Bjort was sitting up in bed, looking down at his hands.

"Bjort? What's wrong brother?" I asked, standing to go to him.

"Big brotherâ€| are we captives here? Are we here so Tino obeys them?" He asked, surprising me a great deal. He was only a year older than Peter, yet he was thinking such things?

I shook my head, "No. Tino does what he does because he wants to. We aren't here to force him into cooperation." I replied, kneeling down in front of him. "Bjort, these dragons, are not all bad. Believe in that." I told him, watching his pale eyes dart back and forth.

He finally settled on my own eyes. "Alright brother." He nodded, taking his hands back and going to get his own clothing on in preparation for breakfast.

â€|

After breakfast I followed Tino to a medic room, glowering at people over his shoulder as they tried to approach.

"I need to talk to you." I muttered after a little while. Tino blinked, nodding. I went out into the hallway, and kept going, knowing he would follow. I stopped at my own door, gesturing for him to follow me inside.

"Tino, something is wrong." I said without preamble.

Tino looked a little stunned, taking a small step back. "What do you mean wrong?" He asked, his hands fiddling with the hem of his own green tunic.

"I mean, 'something bad is going to happen' wrong. I can feel it andâ€|" I paused, doubting myself for a moment. \_Could it have been only a dream? Or was it a vision?\_ "I might have dreamt the future." I continued, gazing into his eyes steadily.

Tino paled, "You too? Blood, so much blood Lukas!" He began to tremble, tears rolling down his cheeks. "How are we to stop this?" He asked, grasping my hand.

"We have to inform Berwald, that will give him at least time to prepare. We have to make sure you aren't there so that you won't burn either, no matter how much they may need you." I explained to him, watching his face darken.

"Lukas? What do you mean? I have to be there, that's the whole purpose for me to have this power. Lady Freya gave it to me so that I could help." He was frowning, his jaw set in a way I knew all too well.

It would be senseless arguing with him, so I would have to trick him.

"As you wish Tino, I know that look all too well. I hope you will reconsider, but if not, I will not argue." I told him, turning away.

"Thank you Lukas." He said, beginning to walk back to where I had found him in the infirmary.

I watched him go, the wheels in my head turning as to how I was going to save my cousin from death. \_Stubborn foolâ€| he won't listen to reason. I'll have to tell Berwald. He certainly won't let Tino be there.\_

And with that, I marched down the corridor, following after Tino. After a while, I found a random servant doing something, and asked where I might find the dragon master. Armed with directions, I headed towards the main hall.

The doors were grand, and closed. I peered at them, trying to figure out whether or not I would have to open them myself, and if som if I actually could. I didn't need to worry however, as they swung open when I reached for it. The room was mostly empty, except for a small group of five people, clustered around a large table in front of a throne.

Berwald looked up when I entered, a frown on his face as usual.

"Ja?" He asked, clearly confused as to why I was here.

"I have something very important to discuss with you Master Berwald, I beseech thee that you put it on your priority list." I bowed my head respectfully. Hopefully he would listen. "Privately." I added.

"Wh't is it? 'S it Tino? Heh 'lr'ght?" Berwald sounded concerned, and was half-standing already.

"He won't be if the moron doesn't listen to reason." I glared at no one in particular, crossing my arms over my chest.

"L'eve us. Weh w'll cont'nue aft' weh sup." Berwald commanded, waving his advisors away. They all stood, vacating their seats as he waved me forward. "Wh't's wr'ng?" He asked when I was but a few feet away.

"Last night, I dreamt a scene of the future. Tino dreamt it too, so that's how I know it wasn't just a nightmare. A horrible battle was being waged here, and there was blood everywhere. Tino was standing in the middle of it, burning. I watched as you tried to get to him, but there were too many Vikings in your way." I explained to him, watching as his scary face got darker and darker.

"V'kings?" His voice was quiet. "Nd ah c'n guess, Tino d'esn't c're, nd w'nts ta be in th' f'ght anyweh?" Berwald surmised, folding his hands in front of his mouth and resting against them.

"He's stubborn and will do anything to be in that fight. We have to

make sure that he doesn't. So either lock him up, send him away, or knock him up again." I answered, pressing my lips into a grim line.

Berwald's eyes widened a fraction at my last suggestion. But he nodded slowly, leaning back in his chair. "Alr'ght. Ah'll do wh't ah can." And with a respectful nod, I was dismissed.

\*\*BERWALD'S P.O.V.\*\*

A slow and steady beat of panic washed through my body. Lukas told of a battle, between Vikings and Dragons. A battle fought here. There was only one person who was alive that could possibly know our location, and how to get to it by humans. But how was it possible? Tino had wiped his memories completely, making sure that he wouldn't remember anything!

\_Had something gone wrong with the spell? \_I shook my head of these thoughts, making my way to my wife. It was almost time for lunch anyway, so I could grab her and then plan.

\_Matthias is coming for me, and I have to make sure that Tino is gone before he gets here. Either that, or I could force her to hide in a secure place in my stronghold! \_I sighed, figuring how well that would go over. \_At the very least, Peter needs to be somewhere safe and away from all of this.\_

\_Berwald, you can't make me leave or stay holed up somewhere. \_Tino's mental voice surged through my head, startling me so badly I almost stumbled against the wall. \_I won't go. This is my destiny, to help you fight! \_She cried fiercely, reading into my emotions without me having to say anything.

\_Tino I'm just concernedâ€¦ Lukas saw you burning alive. How am I supposed to react? \_I demanded, concern and tenderness washing through our link.

\_I know Berwald, but I need to do this. \_Her voice was firm, and I could almost physically feel the steel behind her words. She wouldn't budge on this, she would find a way no matter what to get in that fight. I would just have to do my best to protect her.

\_Thank you Berwald. \_She told me when I finally came to a conclusion.

\_You will be trained in other ways of fighting too though. \_I added, trying to submit to the compromise. Tino agreed easily, acknowledging the wisdom of it.

I couldn't get rid of the uneasy feeling in my gut though, as I headed back to the council chambers.

\*\*A/N: Whoa... it's been way too long since I updated this story. I am so sorry everyone. I am continuing this story, I promise, and you'll get your happy ending, eventually (evil laugh is evil). Recently I've been swamped writing other things, school, etc. It's just been so hard focusing on just one story to work on, so I rotate and write little bits here and there.\*\*

\*\*Thank you to everyone who reviewed, I really appreciate it. You get

cookies. Or cake. Whichever you would like.\*\*

\*\*Please let me know what you thought of the chapter, I know it isn't as long as I usually make them, but i just decided it was best where I cut it off.\*\*

\*\*I always enjoy reading reviews, so tell me what you thought, what you liked/disliked, anything you found interesting, and predictions you have, etc.\*\*

\*\*First person to tell me wtf is up with Matthias will get a special shout-out for next chapter!\*\*

\*\*Thank you for reading!\*\*

## 12. Chapter 12

\*\*TINO'S P.O.V.\*\*

The nightmares got worse. I knew they were visions, but they kept getting longer, and more bloody.

This time though, was much worse. I woke up screaming, my soul and throat both. Berwald was there, his strong arms clasping around my torso, his face buried in my neck.

\_Shhh, Tino calm down, you'll be okay. \_His soul began to soothe my own, gentle waves of tenderness slowly calming me down. \_What happened?\_

\_Blood, so much blood! And Peter- \_I choked on a sob, my eyes wide as the images splayed across my brain again.

Peter, my baby, his hands nailed to planks of wood, his chest cut and bleeding. I watched as a grotesque man reached up, shoving a spear up into his chest. Peter let out a strangled cry, and I could see the life leave his eyes.

"We have to stop it Berwald!" I cried, sobs shaking my body so hard I thought I would fall apart. Berwald held me even tighter, his arms beginning to feel like they were crushing me.

\_I will not let them touch our son. They will die before that happens.\_ Even his soul voice sounded strained and animalistic. A deep growl rumbled in his chest and I finally began to relax. He would protect us.

"We have to send him away before this can happen, him and all the children here, I don't think they'll survive otherwise," I murmured, gently pushing my way out of his embrace. My scar ached today, so I stretched a bit more than I usually did, trying to work out the kinks.

"Ye sh'ld go w'th 'em." Berwald rumbled, his stern gaze following me as I went about pulling on my clothes for the day.

"Absolutely not. Berwald, I've told you, this is my destiny, I have to fight. I know you don't want me toâ€œ but I have to. I \_have to\_. " I argued with him, sitting down in a chair and tugging on my

boots.

Berwald had still yet to rise from his position, and I didn't mind too much. His muscled chest was nice to look at.

"D'na w'nt ye to." He continued, almost a pout on his face.

"I know honeyâ€œ! I know." I reassured him, leaving our room for the hallway. "I'm going to go on down to breakfast and begin preparations to move the children. We don't know when they're going to strike, so we need to be prepared and move fast." I left him in our room, a dark look passing over my face.

"I won't let that vision happen."

â€œ|

"Mom?" Peter looked confused, and hurt. "What do you mean? Why do we all have to go?" He asked, his voice already trembling.

"Honey, it won't be for long. You have to go because the Vikings are coming back to torment this place, and I had a vision that you were in danger. Uncle Lukas has also been having visions of danger, so you're all coming. Okay?" I explained, knowing he wouldn't quite understand why the Vikings were such a bad thing.

"Momâ€œ! they aren't going to hurt you right?" He asked quietly.

I blinked, having almost forgotten the horrifying visions of my own death. I couldn't very well tell him that though. "Of course not, your father and I are going to be fine."

It had been two days since I had the vision, and I was beginning to panic about the visions. They didn't get better, they got worse. However, I now kept this information to myself for the most part. As long as I saw the end of each one, I managed to see the good ending of victory.

No matter the cost to us.

The preparations for the children to leave had all been made. Four different coaches would be dispatched, and they would head to four different safe havens for dragons. It would hopefully do better as a distraction, and it would take longer for anyone watching the roads to figure out which coach held my son.

I shuddered at the prospect of using the other children as bait to keep my own safe, but I couldn't bear to see the vision come true. \_I had to stop it. \_

Berwald was wrapping his arms around me, his chin resting on the top of my head. \_Calm down, everyone can feel how tense you are. The visions won't come true. Peter will be safe. \_His reassurances however, meant little, since he had no clue of the others I was hiding from him.

"I knowâ€œ! let a mother worry." I murmured, watching as Peter finished packing up his belongings.

Since coming here, Berwald and other members of the dragon clan had

showered him with gifts. He had a few toy swords, numerous favorite books, trunks of clothes and boots and armor, and so many toys he couldn't take all of them with him.

He stood, staring at his trunks, a small frown on his face. Then he looked at the small toy bear he was holding in his small hands. It had been his since he was born, a gift from Lili, the woman who had helped deliver him. He loved it the most.

Peter was staring at me now, the toy held out for me to take. I reached for it, forcing my hands to stop their shaking.

"For me? Peter, honey no. This is your favorite." I smiled tremulously, holding it close to my breast anyway.

"That's why you should have it. At least until I get back. Keep it to remind you of me while I'm gone. Okay? Promise Mama?" He asked, his blue eyes brimming with tears. "Please?"

"Of course I will Peter!" I exclaimed, reaching forward to pull him close to me. He fit snuggly in my arms, and I was found with the sudden desire, the need, to have him stay here, to never have him part ways with me. A flash of one of my visions fixed that thought real quick though.

Sucking in a deep breath, I summoned all the strength I had and pulled away from my only son.

"Now Peter, you have to promise to be good, and listen to your cousin Bjort okay?" I told him, watching helplessly as a few tears trailed down his cheeks.

"I promise Mamaâ€¦ even if he gets bossy sometimes." He pouted, looking away and trying to scrub away the tears before too many fell and I would be forced to keep him here with me.

"Don't cry sweetheart, it won't be for long. I promise, this battle will happen, and then you'll be back here with all of us. Okay?" I asked him, tears trailing down my own face. "You'll be safe."

Peter nodded. "Okay Mama." He turned from me, and Berwald helped him into the carriage that would carry him away from me.

"Dracul, ye th' onl' one I w'uld tr'st w'th this carr'ge. K'ep our s'n s'fe." Berwald called to the petite dragon with fangs even in his human form.

"Master Berwald, I vow on the graves of my parents, murdered by Viking scum, that I will let no one near this coach that has any intention of harming these boys." He vowed solemnly, his normally jovial attitude grim and serious.

"I tr'st ye." Berwald nodded, turning to face me.

I began to cry anew, a terrible feeling of loss washing over me as I watched Berwald close the door, and command the driver to leave. My tears turned to sobs as I watched my baby leave by carriage. I might never see him again. I could die in this battle!

Berwald held me close, stroking my hair with his large hands. He

faced away from the carriages. I pulled away a little, and saw that Berwald himself was crying. Twin streaks of water ran down his strong cheekbones, but his eyes were closed.

I probed at our bound, trying to wrap him in comfort. \_He will survive this way. I know it\_.

\_But will you? \_He asked, \_I need the both of you so I can go on.  
\_His gentle voice wrapped around me, even as his arms did.

I closed my eyes. "I don't want to die. I will do my best to survive. If it is the will of Freyja thoughâ€| I cannot say." I admitted, allowing my own fear slip into the bond. \_I don't think she would give this all to me and take it away Berwald. She is kind, not malevolent. \_I tried to reassure him, stroking his cheeks and the tears away.

"Come, I need to practice, and you need to lead your men into their exercises for war." I decided to take his mind off of our son and our collective safety, focusing it instead on the upcoming battle. "Did you see where Lukas went?" I asked, taking his hand and walking with my husband back inside the castle.

\*\*MATTHIAS' P.O.V.\*\*

"Is it done?" I demanded, my voice no more than a husky breath in the winter air.

"Yes, My Lord, I convinced them that I would keep them safe. It shouldn't be too hard for you to do as you plannedâ€| especially since they're all conveniently asleep at the moment." Fangs flashed in the fading light, the short form placing his hands on his hips.

"Thank you so much for your help, once again, I am very pleased." I continued, drawing out my favorite battle axe. "Would you like to watch?" I asked, my draconic legs making large dents in the fresh snow.

"Oh indeed~!" He replied, eagerly following after me.

"There'sâ€| just one problem to fix before I get started." I paused, my reptile eyes staring into his own.

He leaned back, fear permeating the air suddenly. So this fool, wasn't so foolish after all. "Ah, what is it? They should be out for the next few hours, and even screaming can't wake them!" He tried to reassure me.

"You know, that actually isn't the problem." I stated, nodding my head a few times. I took a step closer to him, and he fell back a step, falling to the ground. I could practically see his heart thumping in his chest. "The problem isâ€| I hate dragons." I continued, swinging my axe down, slicing deeply into his body.

He screamed, a high-pitched sound that hurt my ears. I sliced at his neck, and the sound stopped. My vision blurred for a moment, and body felt super-heated. I blinked, and I was covered in his blood, his body more than half gone beneath me. My stomach felt more than full, leading me to conclude I had begun eating him as a meal.

I stared down at the destroyed body of Dracul, tilting my head a bit, before shrugging. "Oh well."

I lumbered to where the carriage sat, four children slumbering inside. My clawed hands yanked open the door, and they didn't even stir. Inside was the two that I wanted, and two small brunettes, odd curls sticking from their heads.

I pulled them all from the carriage, and began dragging their drugged bodies off to my camp, not far away.

"Everything is perfect. I shall \_destroy \_Berwald, and he will know how wrong he was to do this to me." I snickered, throwing the children at the feet of the Viking horde that followed me.

"Have fun with the blonds, and I guess if you want to do something to the brunettes, be my guest." I shrugged. "Just as long as they can't get away, and the blonds are dead, I will be very happy, and greatly reward you all!" I cried, throwing back my head and letting out a howl of laughter that turned into a stream of fire.

My men gave a roar of approval, and a few lunged forward for the children. I watched as they began to butcher the blonds, grinning madly.

\*\*A/N: Go ahead and murder me. This has taken too long, but I've wasted too much time trying to expand this, and I wanted to detail them dying, so if you'd like me to describe it, tell me, if not, also tell me.\*\*

\*\*i appreciate opinions and reviews, love them. Makes me remember to write more.\*\*

End  
file.